

# Jane Brooks Hine:

*An Indiana Bird Woman*



*A collection  
of her birding journals  
and assorted articles*

*researched and transcribed by*

*Ferri Gorney*





DEKALB  
HISTORY  
HINE  
BIRDING  
A19

Jane Brooks Hine

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A collection of her birding journals  
and assorted articles

Revised and Transcribed

By

Terry L. Garney

Photograph and Cover Design

By

Alexander Foytiller

2014

*Terry L. Garney*  
*Oct 2014*

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Illustrated and Transcribed

By

Tom L. Garney

Photographs and Cover Design

By

Alexander Purdy

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## **Jane Brooks Hine**

### **The Indiana Bird Woman**

Jane Brooks Hine was a woman who wrote about nature, especially the birds that frequented her farm in Dekalb County. She was a nationally known writer and speaker at the time of her death in early 1916. She was affectionately known as the Bird Woman of Indiana.

I was first "introduced" to Jane Hine while transcribing Maurice McClue's *Natural History Memorandum* (1919-1957). He mentioned her in his journal as an ornithologist living in the county below him and "who was before my time" (she was forty-seven years older than he). Mr. McClue peaked my interest in this female bird watcher and her birding notes. No one in the Indiana birding community knew anything about her when I began my search in 2008. Mr. McClue mentioned her writings on the dickcissel. Unfortunately, my research did not uncover these writings.

Jane Louisa Brooks was born in Madison, Lake County, Ohio to Lonson and Mary (Smith) Brooks 2 April 1831. In 1837, the family moved to a farm in Erie County, Ohio. It was here that Jane remembers one of her first birding experiences when she was about six. Her father lifted her up on his shoulders to peer into a knot in a tree that contained nesting blue birds in it.

She attended Oberlin College in 1852/3. For a short time she was a teacher by profession and a life long student of nature. After the death of her older sister, Cynthia in 1855, she married her brother-in-law, Horatio Sheldon Hine, 10 November 1857. She raised her sister's three children: Sheldon H., Charles, and Frank, plus three children of her own, namely: Nellie Cynthia, Brooks and Lemon. According to great great granddaughter Jean Faulkner, she loved all the children equally. There have been many fond stories of Jane passed down in the family.

Horatio Hine was the son of Sheldon and Sally Hine. Both parents were born in Connecticut; Sheldon in 1792 and Sally in 1799. Sheldon died in 1846 in Erie County, Ohio. Sally was living with Horatio and Jane's family in the 1880 census in DeKalb County, Indiana.

In 1861, they moved their family from Erie County, Ohio to DeKalb County, Indiana. They remained here except for a few years spent in Williams County, Ohio from around 1873-1882. Horatio was a farmer by profession and had moved to Sedan in 1856 to build a home, barn and sawmill. This was on land that his father had purchased in the 1830s from the federal government. He had a few fields under cultivation when he brought his family to their new home. The family eventually included six children and their home became known as Birdlawn due to Jane's passion for the birds. The adjoining farm was known as Meadowlark, her mother's favorite bird.



After her children were raised, Jane turned her attention to writing about the natural world around her, especially birds. Her most famous writings on birds and nature were written when she was in her 60s and 70s. She was known to many ornithologists all over the United States. She was in demand as a writer and lecturer. She wrote articles for a number of different publications and spoke before many organizations. One of her best known writing was the *Biennial Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game for Indiana, 1911*. Jane's chapter was called *Game and Land Birds of an Indiana Farm* was placed in the cornerstone of the Courthouse in Auburn. The following is from her observations in this article:

She writes, "In the spring of 1853 or 1854 that the whole strip of country along the shore of Lake Erie from Erie to Cleveland was for two or three weeks alive with Passenger Pigeons. They produced a panic among the farmers. They swarmed in oat fields recently sown and took the seed from the ground. They came into barns for grain.....There were no passenger pigeons when we came here [DeKalb County] in 1861, but our neighbors told us of immense flocks that, not very long before, would overshadow woods and farms like a cloud as they flew back and forth between their roost at the Haw Patch and their feeding grounds on the St. Joe River."

I was very pleased when friend Joel Greenberg quoted the above passage of Jane in his book "A Feathered River Across the Sky" that was published in January 2014. Joel wrote of her as a "student of bird study" which I think is an excellent description of Jane and one that would please her.

Thanks to Bill Wilder, I was at the hundredth anniversary of the opening of the cornerstone time capsule in July 2011. Unfortunately, water had gotten into the capsule and the book was just a few shreds of paper. I am pleased that 5,000 copies of that book were published and it is available at a few libraries in Indiana. I hope that some readers will take the time to read it.

In 1898, she was one of the contributors to Amos Butler's "Birds of Indiana." She had articles published in the "Auk." In 1890, she attended at the Indiana Academy of Science meeting in Indianapolis; also in attendance were W.S. Blatchley, Amos Butler, and Charles Stockbridge. I believe that she traveled to several of the annual spring meetings of the Indiana Audubon Society. If news articles are accurate she was at least at the 1899 meeting in Indianapolis and 1913 meeting in Logansport.

The cardinal is the state bird of both Indiana and Ohio. Today it is common, but in the spring of 1885, Jane was excited to see her first one that was "free" as she had only seen them caged as pets prior to this time. She referred to it as the cardinal grosbeak. She marvels at the beauty of the bird and is happy in the next few years as their numbers increase around her farm especially in the winter months.

As a girl, Jane tells of her mother looking forward to spring and the call of the meadow lark from the honey-locust tree behind their home.



At her home in Indiana, one of her "most intimate friends" was the Savannah sparrow. He would scratch on the ground outside her window where she often sat. "His nest in the berry patch is where the bushes stand thickest."

Children seemed to be attracted to Jane. She was a great teacher of bird and insect life. She used her home and land as an outdoor classroom. She was a natural storyteller and liked sharing stories of pioneer days and nature. She also enjoyed writing poems.

During Woodrow Wilson's administration, she was invited by the first lady to attend a costume bird party at the Wilson's summer home in Cornish, New Hampshire. This play was meant to call attention to the plight of bird populations being decimated for their feathers that were used in women's hats. Unfortunately, poor health prevented her from attending.

Jane was a member of the National Ornithology Society which published a booklet as a memorial to her after her death. She belonged to the Literary Societies of Waterloo and Auburn and the Lutheran Church of Sedan. She belonged to the Indiana Audubon Society and spoke to many farmers about the value of birds on their farms.

In August 2009, Carolyn Linsenmayer played Gene Stratton-Porter and I played Jane Brooks Hine and we had a chat about who was the "real" bird woman. Someone who saw us role playing told Doug Rood about it. Doug asked me if I would "teach" a master naturalist program in Fort Wayne as Jane. Since March of 2010, I have done so for the Allen County class.

In August 2010, I was honored to be asked by Jessica Zelt, the coordinator of the North American Phenology Bird project on USGS.gov, to write a biography on Jane for the website. Jane was the *Observer of the Month* in September 2010. Jane had contributed over 400 sightings of birds in the 1880s and 1890s. She was given credit for the sighting of the first bobolink in Noble County.

In October 2013, I located the "Baltimore Oriole" article by Nellie Benson, Jane's daughter, and I knew I had found the ending to Jane's story. It was written a few months after Jane died. A better tribute to Jane could not have been written. A few weeks later, I found a long article Jane had written in 1891 on the flycatcher family. I think it is some of her best writing. It is one of the few dated articles that I found.

This book contains Jane's unpublished birding journals which Jean Faulkner generously shared with me. The newspaper and magazine articles are ones that I uncovered in my research. Maynard "Butch" Hine, a great great grandson, shared with me a journal of Jane's poems. I did not put the majority of the poems in this book. He told me about another distant cousin who lived in the area named Jean Faulkner. Thank you both for sharing your family history and knowledge of Jane.



All of this body of work is Jane's own thoughts and words, any mistakes found in this book are not intentional. It was transcribed as she wrote it; some of which is written in the old style of English or words are misspelled and I left it as she wrote it, not to embarrass but to show Jane a woman of her own time-the nineteenth century. Some of her writings in her journals were duplicated and in some instances she had changed some things and added to the article. I transcribed the best of those articles for the purpose of this book and did not duplicate her writings. She was very much ahead of her time calling for bird conservation.

Thank you to those that helped me along the way: to my brother, Don Gorney, for your patience in answering my questions; Fred Wooley, for believing that I could transcribe Maurice McClue's journal which led me down other paths; Dave Reichlinger, for looking up items for me and confirming some of my own research; Stuart Derrow, who first looked in the *Birds of Indiana, 1898*; and Cynthia Powers, an Oberlin College graduate who first contacted the college. A special thanks to Bob Wilder who introduced me to Maynard Hine and to Debbie Polley of the Lily Library at Wabash College who allowed me to borrow the *Biennial Report of the Commissioner of Fisheries and Game of Indiana, 1911*. Finally, to Randy Lehman, site manager of Limberlost State Historic Site, who asked me to research and write articles on Gene Stratton-Porter. Researching Gene has led me down more paths than I would have ever believed possible. It has been an incredible journey.

In August 2014, I asked friend Alexandra Forsythe, an awesome birder and lecturer, if she would design a cover for this work. After reading some of Jane's writings, I think she came up with the perfect cover. Many thanks Alex for all your help and enthusiasm with projects and programs for Limberlost State Historic Site, Stockbridge Audubon Society, Soarin' Hawk and the Indiana Young Birders Club (IYBC).

To anyone interested in the Hine family history, the Eckhart Library in Auburn has old DeKalb County newspapers and history on the Hine family. Lake County and Erie County Ohio contain land and family records. Many of the Brooks family are buried in Lake County.

In 2010, Sharon Zee Zonker wrote the book "Twelve Remarkable Women of DeKalb County." I am pleased that Jane was one of the twelve ladies.

Jane's writings give us one of those rare glimpses into an Indiana past. I hope that the reader will enjoy discovering Jane's birding accounts in northeastern Indiana. I know that there are more of Jane's articles still yet "undiscovered" and it is my hope that someday more will surface.

Terri Gorney  
August 2014



# Water Birds & Waders

## of Our Indiana Farm

This farm is in De Kalb County Indiana. The Air-Line Division of the Lake Shore Railroad passes through its length.

In forest, swamp, marsh and swale it lay wild as wild could be till 1855. when its first clearing was made.

It came into my husband's possession in 1860. We found it with cars running through it on the new railroad, a few fields ready for cultivation, the house and a saw-mill built and its last deer gone - that two years before from a deer of this house.





**From the Journal:  
Water Birds and Waders of Our Indiana Farm**

**By Jane L. Hine**

*Study of Bird Life  
Four Days With a Flock of Jack Snipe*

No morning could be lovelier than that of April 15<sup>th</sup> 1884. All the world was dressed in snow so soft and fluffy that it looked like condensed mist. But the sun came out warm and the snow melted rapidly.

About ten o'clock the Killdeer were calling in the low land of the pasture not far from the house—and they called me.

A small pasture of upland cornered down into the low land of the main pasture where was a belt of flags.

I crept along the fence of this small pasture as far as I thought the birds would allow me to come. I looked for the Killdeer but could not see them nor any other birds, but I quietly lingered.

In a little while, all at once, a flock of Jack Snipe were busily feeding among the flags. How did they get there? It seemed to me like magic.

I wanted to be nearer. Presently the cows came trailing along the cow path close to the opposite side of my fence. I saw the birds were not disturbed as the first of the line passed near them, so I joined the procession till I reached the angle of the fence and was within ten yards of the flock of snipe.

The snow had melted to slush out of which the tussacks of flags came up like islands. The snipe were standing in the slush as they fed from the black earth at the roots of the tussacks.

There were at least twenty birds in the flock. They were as near together as their business would allow—one at each tussack.

And such a busy trembling. The heads of all the birds of the flock were trembling, trembling, trembling as they probed and felt about in the soft, black earth at the root of the flags.

There was no pause in their feeding only as now and then one would stop to wash his bill with a back and forth movement in the slush or to stretch his long, slender, white-lined wings straight upward.

And so silent were they. I could see them and their movement, but could hear no sound. Once a bird rose and flew away and gave a cry as he rose.

They practiced the proverb: "Stick to your bush." Each bird worked at his tussack so long as it had food to yield. As I watched I saw that no tussack was missed., they were taking the belt clean as they went. Already they had left about four yards of the belt behind them.

Now and then I saw a piece of the white root of the flag in the bill of a bird. This was not sweet flag that the birds are said to be so fond of all of kind.

After some time I raised my eyes to see a hawk come and perch on a tree near the fags. When I looked back the snipe had disappeared entirely from my sight. I knew they had skulked, I thought I would keep steady watch of the spot that I might see them rise.

The hawk remained a long time. Finally he espied game in the distance. As he rose from the tree my eyes rose also but only for an instant. When they dropped, the hawk still in the air not yet far from the tree, there the snipe were busily feeding. Again it seemed like magic.

The hawk returned with a frog to his former perch and ate it there. This time the snipe did not skulk; they went right on with their business. They knew that no hawk but a hungry one would disturb them.

The moon was at its full. I left my bed at two o'clock that night and went to visit the snipe. I threw a pebble to find if they were there. One rose with his sharp little cry and flew away. In the morning their advance on the strip of flags showed that they had fed that night just about the same as the day before.

On the morning of third day a flock of Redwing Blackbirds came and, three or four times, played about in the air. As they played a few of the snipe would quietly rise and play with one another within the flock of blackbirds. Whenever the blackbirds alighted on the tree they dropped to the ground.

By the fourth morning the birds had advanced until they were near the railroad. A workman came and waited for his comrades. At his coming the snipe skulked but not so completely as from the hawk. Their long bills were thrown lengthwise, their backs and their large, wide-open eyes showed plainly. They remained so while the workmen were collecting but, at the first stroke of the pick, they were up feeding.

The belt of flags was almost finished by the evening of the fourth day and by the next morning the snipe were gone.

*This journal is owned by her great great granddaughter, Jean Faulkner, who allowed Terri Gorney to copy it 20 Mar 2009*



The following Jane Hine's writings are part of Jean Faulkner's collection. Jean has a copy of the originals.

Of the late Charles Otto Widman it is related that out in his boat among the reeds he found the nest of a Pied-billed Grebe. Two young, downy birds were lying on the covering above the unhatched eggs. Five days later he found the nest abandoned and got glimpses of the brood with the two parents farther on among the reeds. Very carefully he worked his way nearer till he startled the birds and saw the young ones scuttle under the mother's wings as she took them down into the water.

### The Loon Family

Three species of large, long necked birds.

Mantles, dark, spotted with white.

Bill, spear shaped.

Feet palmate.

Tail, short, broad and stiff – used as a prop when the bird comes to shore.

### Common Loon. Great American Diver

And when the sun sinks behind hillock and wood

And twilight is shading from day into night,

And when the moon rises – Ah, fishing is good;

The heart of the Loon overflows with delight

And he slackens his fishing to laugh in his glee.

And his laugh is the same as a maiden's may be

When she screams in hysterical laughter.

---

An old gentleman employed on this farm through the time of the Sink Hole, thinks there was no summer when Loon could not be seen there in June; and also at Cedar Lake – it is known that Loons have bred at Cedar Lake.

Just the width of a township farther north lies the beautiful, clear Fish Lake, a lake fed entirely by springs. My friends who spent a recent summer on one of its islands saw loons there and once a young one. This lake is just across our county line in Steuben County – a county "filled" with small lakes. From one of the ridges of Hog-back Lake I have counted six lakes that I could see in the distance.

At one place where three or four little lakes corner in together the owner of a colony of hens once found a Loon enjoying itself among the birds of the flock a few rods up from shore. The Loon made lively use of its feet as it shoved itself down the slope to the water.

A friend whose farm lies by a tamarac swamp found a loon on the ground in his woods. From the ground the bird was unable to rise on wing.

A young lady told me a Loon in their grove that appeared frightened and lost. It was flying from tree to tree alighting on the large, lower limbs.

### An Afternoon Ride

While riding with my friend we passed two small, twin lakes called Lake of the Woods. It was here that her parents came with her, their first child, and settled in the wilderness. She pointed to a spot on the low peninsula between the lakes where her father took her to see the Loon's nest. This one was so close to shore that no path was needed to connect it with the water.

Hidden among the hills a little way to the west was Story Lake – a pair of good sized twin lakes – and from the summit of one of those hills we might have looked down its rugged precipitous side, on Spectacle Lake – two oval lakes connected together by a curved strait – A great pair of spectacles some ancient deity had cast down and left in the meadow as he passed over the valley.

Beyond Lake of the Woods – a mile or two – we could see Loon Lake and, farther on we rode by the great marsh – now the great marl bed – with Big Turkey Lake lying within it – a large enough to furnish fishing space for two pairs of Loons and where one of their nests with its two great, pointed, greenish-drab, spotted eggs was found on a mass of reedy rubbish afloat among the reeds.

The young of this Loon do not attain the full colors and markings of the parents until their third year.

### Water Fowl.

All the birds of this molt twice in a summer. The feathers, soft, fluffy, and elastic are enameled with a lubricant that never becomes rancid, makes them water-proof and when, plucked insures them, while receiving reasonable care – from moth and decay. They are such non-conductors of heat that the hot-bodied birds may swim happily in icy water or with head under wing and feet drawn up into their fluffy side-feathers, sleep on a bed of ice or snow.

Water fowls are fine swimmers, good walkers and able to take long, swift journeys in the air.

For self-defense they nip with the blade at the tip of their bill or, while holding an enemy with their bill, strike swift blows with their strong, horny shoulder.

They are all more or less vegetarian in their habits.

Walking, swimming or flying they keep in flocks.



This great Order of Birds holds but one family: Ducks and Geese. This Family subdivided into five sub-families: Swans, Geese, Merganser Ducks, Sea Ducks and River Ducks.

### Boneset Blossoms

The boneset grows in a lonesome spot –  
A low, wet place in some half-cleared lot.  
The plant is homely from root to crest:  
The dingy flower is, at its best,  
    But a homely boneset blossom.

And bitter too, though it seems but meet  
That homely blossoms should be made sweet.  
But they are bitter – Ah me! Ah me!!  
Didn't never taste of the boneset tea  
    That is brewed from boneset blossoms?

A compound flower is the boneset coarse;  
But cleave them apart; just give divorce  
To each small flower and there, behold!  
A perfect thing of artist's mold.  
    Is each tiny boneset blossom.

The bitterest bitter has sweet to yield  
The bees they come to the boneset field.  
And bear away to their waxen cells  
The sweets they draw from the tiny wells  
    Of the bitter boneset blossoms.

In roughest neighbor or neighborhood  
There's good to find if I seek the good.  
I'll choose the best and the best I'll make;  
I'll go a-field and a lesson take  
    From the bees and boneset blossoms.

### Home

A roof, a hearth-stone, bed and crust;  
A mate we love, A God we trust.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DEPARTMENT OF THE HISTORY OF ARTS  
AND ARCHITECTURE

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## Water Birds and Waders

of

## Our Indiana Farm

This farm is in DeKalb County Indiana. The Air-Line Division of the Lake Shore Railroad passes through it length.

The forest, swamp, marsh and swale it lay wild, as wild could be till 1855 when its first clearing was made.

It came into my husband's possession in 1861. We found it with cars running through it on the new railroad, a few fields ready for cultivation, the house, and a saw-mill built and its last deer gone – shot two years before from a door of this house.

### The Sink Hole

About the first thing my husband took me to visit on the new farm was the Sink Hole. One of our ugly little catholes had lain in the track of the railroad. When the bed was completed and they were laying the ties the swamp gave way one night and down went the grade into a subteranean lake. The next day, and many days after, people came flocking from near and far to see the wonder. There lay a small lake a third of a mile long, instead of the sunken grade.

The low land at one side of the pond was undisturbed. A broad belt on the other side was terribly upheaved and stirred. Soon the upheaved land lay drained and dry above the water it rested on. It was seamed with long cracks. Some of those fissured were a yard wide. Whether wide or narrow people knew they would be ugly things to get into, for their sides were as unstable as meal and the water they were floored with appeared to be bottomless.

Men expert in such things were brought to find a bottom to the pond; but, probe and sound as they might, nothing more solid than mire could be reached.

For ten years the sink hole baffled the great Lake Shore Railroad Company and obliged it to have an ugly curve in it Air Line Division. At first the Sink Hole was an unsightly place but it seemed only a little while until the upheaved land was a field of red raspberry bushes and the pond neatly ordered with water vegetation.

Cedar Lake is but a mile and a half beyond this farm but, as long as our Sink Hole remained open and the greater share of our marshes and swamps lay yet undrained we had, right here on our own premises, as good facilities for Water Birds – Divers, Swimmers or Waders – as were to be found at Cedar Lake or any other of the small lakes so numerous in our neighborhood – the neighborhood of the Divide between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi Systems of Rivers.

### Divers

Birds that depend entirely on the water for safety and for food

Legs eneased within the skin of the body. Feet so far in the rear that the birds cannot balance themselves to walk on land.

### Three Families Grebes, Loons and Auks

#### Grebe

Grebes may be found in marshes of either hemisphere; Loons at northern coasts and lakes of the north hemisphere; Auks, in northern salt seas of the north hemisphere.

Eneased, legs and all in a frictionless coat, with power to dive, the queer Diver shall be a perfect and competent submarine boat to sail, when he wills, through the depths of the sea. I will give him the power of holding his breath so that fearless he'll be of ever meeting his death. When he chooses to tarry in water.

The legend runs that the Grebe, when created, was given the palmate feet the same as to other Divers, Auks and Loons; but finding that such a foot was often entrapping the bird in the mire, the Water Spriter slashed each web from one toe, thus making it safe for him to dable for food in the mire he delighted in. Then to compensate him for his lessened ability as a swimmer, they gave to his wings the power to fly through the water beneath its surface.

There never was a more perfect paradise for Grebe than our Sink Hole with its miry bottom, its reedy border and its hidden watery lanes. Pied Billed Grebe or Water Witches were plenty there each spring.

Since Nature and the Railroad company succeeded in closing the Sink Hole we hear nothing more of their visits an this farm; but may it not be – as I believe it is – that on his secret moonlight and twilight migrating journeys he travels through our own ditches on to Cedar Lake and other lakes where we know he is in a common visitor.

I cannot say that the Pied-billed was the only Grebe that visited our Sink Hole. Grebe “with much red about them” have been seen in the waters of our neighborhood.



Turkey Lake is a large fine lake that crosses the boundary between Steuben and LaGrange Counties. It receives a stream that runs free when everything else is ice-bound. The late Mr. Henry Wright spent the whole of his life near this Lake. He was a gentleman able to have his leisure and, with the tastes of a naturalist, to spend much time among the birds and animals of it and its vicinity. He told me that in winter "not infrequently" he said – while fishing under his tent through a hole in the ice, he had seen Pied-billed Grebe traveling rapidly along through the water beneath him. "The bird always used his wings well."

Very rarely we hear by way of a runner that a Grebe has been with us in summer. Mr. Wright told me that in all the marshes of his marshy neighborhood he had never in his life seen a Grebe in summer.

## Geese and Ducks

### Geese

I think I can best illustrate the habits of Geese as a tribe by relating the story of my mother's flock.

Our geese would be mating near the middle of February. Then there was great excitement and frequent battles. As two Ganders with out-stretched necks fought, the goose each vented - gobbled her concern while all the rest of the flock cheered them on. There was never a battle for a mate but the goose went away, satisfied and happy, with the Gander who conquered. Once mated one pair was mated for the year. Swans and Geese are free from any stain of polygamy.

When we saw the goose picking up and dropping behind her sticks and straws that came in her way on the ground as she walked we knew she would soon be making her nest.

The pair liked to have their nest in the same place year after year if they could.

The goose scattered straws over her nest after each egg she laid. Twelve eggs was the usual clutch. The great egg broken from the shell looked handsome as it lay in the saucer; but it was too rank for pleasant eating.

Whenever the goose was on her nest, whether for laying or sitting, the gander watched jealously and with out-stretched neck and hisses threatened – and I remember he sometimes chastised any child hen or sparrow that came near hissing with out-stretched neck is a trait of Swans and Geese. Ducks do not hiss.

It took four weeks of close incubation before the eggs are hatched and the goslings ready to leave the nest between always between whether walking or swimming between the mothers and the father who guarded them – guarded them until they were able to care for

themselves. And after the goslings were weaned, the respectful care each gander continued to give his mate was beautiful to see – each pair side by side as they all walked together within the close flock.

Those geese gave us two good pluckings. Then there was a sort of after-math moult that came so near cool weather that there were few who would take them. In plucking we had to be very careful to leave the “wing-supports” those clusters of large feather at the sides that the wings depend upon for support.

Great pains was taken to have an even number of the sexes in our flock and all were mated except one gander who had lost a leg when a gosling. His wings were never clipped. How he could fly! He was magnificent when every morning and evening he made the journey between the barnyard and the creek in the pasture. His flight there or back was near straight. He made a broad curve to the east as he went; a broad curve to the east as he returned – always the same track in the air; so it appeared.

I learned by experience when a child about a goose’s weapons of warfare, and I know that the shoulder of a gander’s wing – hard as horn – is a severe thing to be flogged with and that every nife of the bill’s horn nail leaves a blood blister.

Our geese ate but little other than vegetable food. They grazed in the pasture like sheep and they gathered water-plants from the stream – though many a gosling lost his life by taking animal food from the water – people said polliwags and now and then a bloodsucker.

Goslings are most tender until after the first molt.

### Canada Goose

In the early days of our farm a flock – twenty or thirty – were quite sure to visit our wheat fields every spring. One spring there were two flocks; the last about two weeks after the first. And now small companies – three, four, or five occasionally settle down – perhaps for a night, possibly for a day or two.

Our early settlers found their nests and gathered their eggs often enough to prove that the Canada Wild Goose might be counted as a spring and early-summer resident of North Eastern Indiana. And, as long as Turkey Lake and its broad marshy border lay undrained, a flock of Wild Geese would come and remain there until after the middle of each winter. Sometimes, after sending out a reconnoitering sentinel – they were terrible afraid of a gun – they would come to the farm yards and feed with the poultry – this I had from one with whose poultry the fed.



## Ducks

Pin-tail Ducks were abroad one February. From a flock that settled down to a wet spot in a neighbor's meadow two were shot and one was sent to me. Such a beautiful bird, so dainty in color; so elegant in form, and with his two lengthened middle tail-feathers, so unique.

I parted the feathers of this duck. Ahhh! Poor fellow! He had been tormented by two sorts of lice. So perfectly water - proof the plumage of his outer coat that parasites had lived and thrived in the down.

Wood Duck were plenty on our farm until clearing and drainage banished them.

Young ducks – those of the Wood Duck, at least – the same as young rabbits, calves and pigs, remain in the place where the mother places them. The broods were sometimes brought to the house. We always saw that they were returned to the same spot where they were found.

A near neighbor put a brood into a box five feet deep. They scrambled up its sides and got away.

We have a friend who watched a Wood Duck as she bore in her bill thirteen young ducks, one by one, down from a hole in a tree to the margin of a tamarack swamp. Not one of them stirred from the spot where it was placed till the last bird was brought; then mother and brood slid off into the waters and sailed away under the bushes.

Another friend saw a brood of those ducks scrambling down the body of a tree. They checked their descent with bill, wings and claws. If one lost his hold he caught again at the back – their claws are as sharp as needles. The last one, in his haste, dropped about ten feet and ran after the rest. in his hurry to run away with the rest let himself drop when about ten feet from the ground

The beautiful mallard was very common in spring and some of them bred here as long as they could find solitary places in our swamp.

Several years after we suppose them gone for summer I found a young mallard on our pasture pond. He was asleep with his head under his wing. The ripples blown up by the breeze were rocking him.

## The Swale

### The Watery Road to Heron Town

No barren road  
Leads travelers on  
Its duty way  
To Heron Town:  
But  
Tangled willows,  
Sweet swam roses,  
Sword grass meadows,  
Bogs of rushes,  
Wild flag blossoms,  
Wiry sedges,  
Stately cat-tails,  
Ferns and mosses  
Line all that road  
That stretches on  
It swaly path  
To Heron Town  
Are dwellers there;  
Are travelers on  
This public road  
To Heron Town?  
Yes  
Rail are running  
Through the sedges;  
Bittern wading  
Mongst the rushes;  
Shite-poke nesting  
In the bushes;  
Willows sheltering  
Tamarac Thrushes;  
And Grebe and Coot  
To up and down  
The watery road  
To Heron Town



There were other swales on our farm but I shall write here only of the principal one; the one that made its way most directly to Cedar Creek two miles away.

There were patches given over to willows. Those patches and black-ash grasses were strung here and there like occasional beads on a thread; but the greater portion of the swale like better to cover its bosom with sword grass, bull rushes, cat-tails and sedges.

For two miles before it reached the broad, marshy border of Cedar Lake the creek itself appeared more like a marsh than like a stream.

In course of time Cedar Lake was lowered and the marshes drained; but until then the swale, together with the marshy border of creek and lake made a paradise for waders – birds.

## Least Bittern

It is June. Out there in a pretty cove of a lake are tussocks of cat-tails standing here and there in a roomy say? with plenty of water between them.

In one of the tussocks I espy a young Least Bittern. He is standing on some sort of a platform, fastened in the reeds just above the water – likely the nest he was born in.

Sometimes he stretches his wings and his long legs and preens his feathers; sometimes he stands very still looking out upon the world.

He finds it a beautiful world; the sky is blue – it is fair, sunny forenoon – the water between the tussocks is clear, the cat-tails are stately and a little farther on, pond lilies are blooming.

I watch the young Bittern a long time then leave him still standing serenely on the platform within the tussock.

Early in the afternoon of a lowery July day, in riding through a lonely, barely bit of marsh, we find a Least Bittern standing in the water near the rude corduroy road.

He is not afraid of the horse nor of us as we quietly sit and wait in the carriage.

He is alone. Motionless and silent he watches the water – watches long and patiently; but, finding that the water is yielding him no frog or fish he finally starts on for game he may be sure of eating.

There are are marsh flies lazily resting on the reeds.

As He proceeds he steps slowly, very, very slowly; one step at a time and for each step the folded foot is brought above the smoothe surface of the water and though we are quite near him, we can hear no sound nor see the least ripple.

He seems never to startle his insect. When he takes a fly that is near he looks like a bird with a short neck – sometimes like one with no neck, at all. His neck shows its length more and more as he reaches. Often his insect is high above him; then he stands tall and slender and elegant.

Before we leave the place we discover another Bittern in a distant part of the marsh; But, mates or not, they are suited to have while fishing all the space between them that the small marsh will allow.



## Green Heron

A very little way up the swale is a small swamp. It has a few scattering trees and is thick with tall bushes that grow up out of the water. This is and has been the home of a pair of Green Heron.

In the midst of this tangled, water-floored swamp the nest is hidden. Usually it is completely hidden; but one year by climbing out over the water on a rail fence at one edge of the swamp we could, from one spot, look in through a narrow parting of bushes and see the Heron's nest.

The sitting bird sat closely while we were approaching the spot; but looking through to the nest she left it. She made no bustle; she left it. She made no bustle; she never flew away; always she stepped silently down the tangle of bushes from stem to stem as down the rounds of a ladder – stepped down into the water and disappeared among the bushes.

From this swamp, following the track of the swale not more than a mile down towards the swale we come to a low, moist, grassy glade with a few trees a scattering through it and a bushy, water-floored border around it. This glade and swampy border also are and have been the home of a pair of Green Heron.

One pair liked best to have their nest on the tangled branches of a grape vine that trailed out from the bank over the tall bushes of a watery swamp.

One of the pictures I have in my heart is of a willow tree growing out from the foot of a perpendicular bank over the clear water of a lake. This tree for three years has been the home of Green Heron.

There is a large tamarack swamp not far away. At the end of one very dry summer we could walk over the floor. We found by the numerous nests that Green Herons had been there as near neighbors but no signs could I think they had nested in colonies. On the bushes – not in the bushes, on them – the bulky nests of sticks, dry leaves and patches of moss had been placed.

Perched on a small water bound brush –heap in our orchard part in some retired forest swale, I have more than once found a lone young Heron, not long out of the nest but able to help himself a little in gathering his own food. He may sit very still for a very long time on the brush heap, but should he wish to wade and forage for game. He rises, then clasping limb after limb with his long slender toes he descends by the brush as by the rounds of ladder down into the water.

Up above the swamp I have first mentioned the swale narrows down and gives us the first of a series of open, watery spots like little long, narrow ponds with now and then a wild rose bush or small cluster of willows.

To these open spots the family of young Herons, after they and their wings have grown strong sometimes come and lay together.

While flying back and forth low down in the air I have had some good chances of watching their flight at close range – long legs streaming backward in two parallel lines; back of head resting on the shoulders; neck that to me – at a little distance – appears to be a part of the breast upon which it is folded.



## Great Blue Heron

### Local History

As a young housewife was riding horseback along the border of a tamarac swamp she came upon a Heron that had just speared a fish. She rode up and obliged him to drop it. That evening the fish was broiled for the grandmother's dinner.

The young people were walking home together from church service held in the new country school house when the droppings of a bird in a passing flock of Herons came splashing down all over a young girl's beautiful new spring bonnet. The girl afterwards became one of my most beloved friends.

Those great birds would sometimes come to feed in lowland cornfields and weal and then one when startled would get his great wings entangled in the corn.

These little incidents with the Heron are samples of the happenings that our neighbors, the early settlers, could and did relate.

The many small lakes and ponds some lying within deep marshy borders; some, the spring-fed lakes, with their marshy coves; creeks, some of them more like marshes than like streams; great tamarac swamps; swamps and swamps of the common kind thickly spiced all through the uplands – upland bridged together by beaver dams – finished, when the country was new such a supply of food for wading bird that no Great Heron could have any call to fly “forty miles away” for his breakfast.”

The land of which this farm is part lays between two Heronries. The largest is a mile and a half north near where our swale joins Cedar Creek just above Cedar Lake; the other two miles south at a pond called Indian Lake. An old man now passed away told me that he and other school boys in the Indian Lake district used to gather Heron quills for their pens.

Those Heron Towns were not greatly disturbed by the earlier settlers. And for two or three years after work began on the Air line Railroad and many workmen were employed they happily raised their young there till the summer of 1857 or '58.

I will write that summer's history as told me by a neighbor living just beyond the Cedar Lake Herronry.

There was a match – hey called it a shooting match – between the railroad workmen and a company of employees who just then were in the woods gathering large limbs with crooks in them suitable for “ship lines.”

One day the Heron was found standing in the river splashing water over his back and sides with a towel he held in his bill – and the towel was at its longest; the bird, whether by design or chance, held it by one corner.

#### American Egret. Great White Heron

At an old discarded mill pond about five miles from this farm a pair of American Egrets came each summer for nesting. Sometime previous to my knowledge of them there had been two pairs.

Those Egrets would often come to the marsh about Cedar Lake and up to four years ago (1907), were reported as still visiting that place.

I have seen them times enough as they flew away in the distance to know that occasionally they came to feed at our farm swamp; and there one foggy morning I found myself close upon the Great White Heron. He rose up out of the reeds, all enveloped in the dense mist, he appeared to me more like an angel than a bird.

#### Loon. Great Northern Diver.

An old gentleman employed on this farm through the time of the Sink Hole thinks there was no summer when the Loon could not be seen there in June. Once in June he shot and secured a Loon at Cedar Lake.

Last summer my granddaughter who lives on the bank of Cedar Creek heard in the night, the cry of a Loon. It was the in June 1910.

Later, in August, a neighbor whose farm lies next to a tamarac swamp found a Loon on the ground in his woods. It was easily captured as, from the ground, it was unable to rise on wing.

While riding with my friend we passed two small twin lakes called Lake of the Woods. It was here that her parents came and settled in the wilderness when she was a little child. She pointed to the spot where her father took her to see the Loon's nest. It was hidden among bushes that grew close to the water. She remembered that one time he brought a young Loon to the house; and once a hat full of eggs from the nest of a Wild Goose.

Over the hill and we could see Loon Lake in the distance. Farther on we passed Turkey Lake where a Loon's nest with its two great brownish eggs was found placed like the nest of a Grebe, on a mass of rubbish anchored and afloat among the reeds.



## Long-winged Swimmers

### Gulls and Terns

My son sent me a pressed flower plucked, one summer day from the margin of a snow bank high up on a Colorado mountain.

What the flower was in that lofty region the Gulls and Terns are to this farm and its vicinity – beautiful and very rare.

April 13<sup>th</sup> A small flock flew over from Lintz Lake in the direction of Cedar Lake. At Lintz Lake one had been shot. A description of the bill told that it was Tern.

April 15<sup>th</sup> Two birds, either Gulls or Terns, at Cedar Lake. I cannot get quite a view of them I want as they circle about over head, but I think there is no sign of a part in their tail – then this must be gulls and our most common species, the Herron Gull.

### Water Fowl

#### Ducks and Geese

##### Ducks

Three warm days; the first, the second and the third days of March.

Cedar Lake still lies under an unbroken roof of ice; but these three sunny days have unlocked the door and it is pleasant to again see its water as it comes flowing, deep and free, out into the world through Cedar Creek.

In the distance I can see at this open door, right at the margin of the ice, a Duck – one Duck alone – busily diving. I find him diving, I watch him for an hour as he steadily dives again and again with but scant rest for breathing and I leave him still diving down into the deep water.

Who is he – this Duck “diving perpetually for fish” that are sure, right there, to be swarming out from under the ice to meet the fresh air and spring sunshine – who but one of our Ducks, Merganser.

The noble Mallard was a common sight in spring and some of them bred here as long as they could find solitary places about our swamps. They had particular liking for our Sink Hole, the swampy tangle about it and a good-sized wild-grass meadow near it.

Pin-tail Ducks were about one February. From a flock that settled down to a wet spot in a neighbor's meadow two were shot and one was sent to me.

I parted the feathers of this Duck Ahhh! Poor fellow! He had been tormented with lice. There were two sorts, healthy and lively, in the dry down under the water-proof coat.

For a long time after the Sink Hole was bridged by the railroad the side that had escaped upheaved remained a wooded swamp water-floored dense and so dark that even that lover of dark woods, the long-eared owl, would sometimes come there by daylight.

This was one of those wild retreats where Wood Ducks were most plenty and where they lingered longest.

Young Wood Ducks, the same as young rabbits, calves and pigs, would obediently remain in the spot where the mother placed them. Such broods were sometimes brought to the house. We always had them returned to their mother.

A near neighbor put a brood into a box five feet deep. They scrambled up its side and got away.

We have a friend who watched a Wood Duck as she bore in her bill thirteen young Ducks, one by one, down from a hole in a tree to the margin of a tamarac swamp not one of them stirred from the spot where it was placed till the last bird was brought; then mother and brood slid off into the water and sailed away under the bushes.

Mr. Henry Wright, the naturalist I have already mentioned, saw a brood of those Ducks scrambling down the body of a tree. When one lost his hold he caught again at the bark. The last one, in his hurry, dropped about ten feet and ran away with the rest.

I have heard that young Wood Ducks sometimes drop from a lofty nest straight down to the water below. I suppose they spread their wings – thus becoming inflated – as no doubt our eleven young chickens did when they dropped unhurt from the loft high up in the gable end of our barn.

I have seen a Duck traveling in the midst of a migrating flock of Crows.

### Wood Ducks

The side of the Sink Hole that escaped upheaval both before was bridged by the railroad .....a wooded swamp, water-plowed, dense and so dark that even that lover of a dark long-eared owl would sometimes .....there by daylight. This swamp was one of the wild retreats where Wood Ducks were most plenty and where they lingered longest.

### Geese and Ducks

I think I may best illustrate the habits of Geese and Ducks, whether tame or wild, by relating some things about our own poultry yard. First I wish to tell the story of



### My Mother's flock of Geese

When I was a little girl my father bought a farm with a stream running through it. Many, many years before, so long ago that the tragic story had become more legend than history, a Frenchman had come there among the Huron tribe of Indians and had married an Indian maiden against the wishes of her Indian lover. This Frenchman had been so enamored of the beauty of the stream that he had named it de la Chapel. With us it was Chapel Creek. But the stream was so fine, the pasture it watered so luxuriant that mother thought she must buy enough Geese to start a flock.

My mother had feather beds but she wanted more. To show how durable feathers may be when well cared for let me write of one of those beds.

I am the youngest daughter of my grandmother's youngest daughter. When my grandmother was married in 1772 she had two feather beds. One of them is mine now. It has been in constant use since my grandmother's wedding day and the feathers are still fluffy and healthy – good for another hundred years I believe if well cared for.

### Great American Bittern. Stake Driver. Bull of the Bog.

#### Before our Farm Swale is Drained.

A road cuts through a reedy part of our farm swale. A team passes though soon after sunrise on an April morning. A bittern stands, tall and handsome, among the reeds. He is not afraid of the team. And he believes that his slender, reed-colored neck will not be detected there as long as he remains motionless. More than likely the bittern is right. Or, the driver may see him, admire him and pass him by. But I know that such a thing was that the driver had a gun in his wagon and – But that was before the herons had the protection of our present Indiana laws.

I never could find that the Great Bittern nested in that part of the swale that crossed our farm; but, two or three miles farther on, in the boggy marshy borders of Upper Cedar Creek or Cedar Lake, somewhere in the neighborhood of Old Heron Town, I believed he did for, in summer, we knew that he sometimes visited our orchard pond on moonlit nights. Rather recently, since the second lowering of the lake – long since our reedy swale became a meadow, I awoke one moonlight night to hear and heard the Bittern's stake-driving note.

Ever since our swale was cleared a bittern visits us about the middle of September. We are not always able to watch and he is very quiet; but by one sign or another his presence is revealed often enough to convince us that the route of his migration still lies through our farm. And more; that it is still the one traveled while the bittern was making the reedy field in the swale his spring and fall resort. The places where we find him are never away off on the farther part of the farm; always, near or a little way south of the old spot in the swale. Last fall my grandson found him hiding in weeds that border one of our ditches.

But a little farther on is a neighbors dense little swamp is where we have oftenest found him. One fall, two or three harsh heronry notes, heard again after an interval of a week, told something of the length of his visit. Once as I came suddenly up to the border of that swamp there was a mighty squawk and the Bittern came spiriting up into the air above the tall bushes – not to fly away, only to hurry backward into covert again.

Last summer (1910) in June while on a short visit to Pretty Lake, a beautiful little lake in LaGrange County, I had gone down, one afternoon, into a lonesome wooded flat that bordered a reedy cove. About three o'clock I saw a Great Bittern come on a low, slow flight from the reeds and light at a spot where three or four fallen trees lay criss-crossing one another. I believed the bird had a nest there. There was an ugly belt of weeds between that I would not venture into even for the hope of finding the Bittern's nest.

In my visit to that lake I saw the Bittern quite often as in the morning or just before sunset he flew to the same watery, reedy, feeding place. Once it was among reeds that grew at a very little distance from a cottage where its merry inmates were enjoying themselves on their porch. The next day I saw a Green Heron trot, trot, trotting along a naked beach within a stone's throw of the cottage and cottagers.

People residing there told me that the Green Bird was one of their summer finds. I saw three once and only once the Great Blue Heron.

#### Great American Bittern. Bull of the Bog.

A.D. 1894

Cedar Lake has been lowered and our farm swale drained. Cultivated fields are where reeds and coarse marsh grasses used to be. Wild places- places suitable for Bittern and rail – have been, are yet and will be growing less and less, so now, while still I may; before it is too late for such opportunity, let me, with my pen, sketch a few hasty pictures from our neighborhood scenery of posts, wild or partially wild, in an afternoon ride and short visit. Aug 10, 1894.



## Spectacle Lake

A hill that slopes upward from fields on one side and rises abruptly from a valley on the other. The road is cut away up the creek. Reeds, reeds, reeds; Reeds fill the creek; reeds all over the flat; reeds everywhere – Nature's home for Bittern.

After breakfast we start for

### Mud Lake-

Two boys and I. We cannot see the lake but they tell me it is but a very little way beyond. A short descending orchard path. A rail fence. A brood pasture that circle sway round – something we cannot see what; can see only a narrow estuary that cuts a low knoll-like hill away from the main part of the pasture. The whole estuary is a strip of reeds but, right here near the fence is a farm yard.

The boys say: "You will have to wade." The water is clear and pleasant as I wade with my shoes in my hand. The bottom is cushioned with the finest white sand.

At the shore I do not dress my feet. Not a reed anywhere on that island; nothing but grass and that the sheep have grazed to its shortest – grass out of fine white sand. It is like velvet to my feet and I walk up the slope enjoying the luxury of it. We get no glimpse of the lake till we are on the very summit of the knoll and then – One of the most beautiful pictures I ever saw in nature - Mud Lake.

It is a flat bottomed basin in a rim of hills – low, .....-like hills that crowd in back and beside one another as if each were trying to get to the front. Some of the hills are yellow with stubble; some have corn, some grass, and some are white with blossoming buckwheat.

Down in the bottom of the basin lies the picture and the rim of hills is the frame of it. First a broad matting of greenest wild marsh grass with not a willow or reed to break its smoothness; and the picture itself within the matting is the lake, still and serene.

These young friends of mine tell me that the beautiful wild meadow we look down upon has no least footing that may keep them from sinking and that their only way to the lake is by boat through the creek.

The mouth of the creek spreads itself out into an unbroken field of reeds except for one narrow strip like a thread or narrow rihaan where the water may be seen making its start way through them and on through the beautiful wiry meadow to Mud Lake.

Three or four years later.

Big Turkey Lake has been lowed and its great marsh drained and cleared. Now I can walk over the broad flat, "dry spot." Clear to the brink of the lake. I make a chair of my feet and gather the tiny brittle shells as wave after wave brings them ashore. Not a wave but washes up a few shells to add to that wonderful bed of marl.

On the ride from Turkey Lake to Mud Lake our road takes us through the small reedy marsh where we have the visit with the Least Bittern I have already written about.

And I find Mud Lake lowered and drained. At a spot where I knew reeds had made a shelter for bittern and rail, I saw that day, a pair of Solitary Sandpipers laying themselves on a naked shore. And so things went.

### Cedar Lake

April fifteenth – Early in the morning.

Our diving Birds have come.

The Grebes are lurking in that border of tall reeds.

Out there on the open lake is a Loon – one alone. He usually arrives alone but one spring, when first seen, there were two together. Were they comrades or mates. Who could know? For the plumage of Loons – the same as in all Diving Birds- is alike in both sexes.

Such a great, fine bird. In his black coat, all flecked over with white spots, he is, like an object in a puzzle picture as he rides half sunken in the water among the foam-crested ripples.

A Kingfisher is perched on yonder dead branch that reaches out over the lake. He watches for his fish till he spies him, then, down he plunges – plunges, but right up again whether with or without his fish, for he cannot live in the water. But the Loon; how neatly he dips himself below the surface- his dive so different from the Kingfisher's plunge – and dry and warm with his waterproof coat, he may stay in the water a long time and chase his fish there, and the Grebes may go to the bottom and breakfast on mollusks and other choice food to be found in the mire.

Out there in the lengthened shadows of the wooded shore is a flock of Ducks. They do not sit half submerged in the water as the Divers do; they ride so buoyantly on the surface that they seem to spurn it. Between them and the reeds cove is spot that is "black with Coots."

A shot!! A spring and the Ducks are in full flight; the Coots are scurrying across the water for the covert of reeds and bushes; but are the Ducks can spring every Diver is down!! And not a ripple shows the place where a bird has been.



## Mud Hens

Coots, Gallinules, Sora  
Carolina and Virginia Rail

## Skulkers

Birds leading skulking lives among reeds and wild grasses of the marsh.

Sexes alike. Prolific breeds, nest of the ground. Eggs light – drab, creamy. Young clothed in black down run as soon as hatched.

### At the Swale.

It was the middle of April. Rail were migrating. I went to the swale. I climbed out over the water and among the reeds on a rail fence by the road side, made myself comfortable and watched. It was a sunny, still afternoon. No stir of reed or wild grass blade to show that there was any living thing in that part of the marsh. But I stayed and watched.

After awhile, at the angry grunt of a Bittern, up pops a Sora with a startled cry; up into the air, then right back again, feet first, into the reeds. Of course the Sora went scudding away from the Bittern, but there was no stir among the reeds to show the way he ran.

By and by, where the road cuts the marsh, a head appears through the reeds-only the head with the long curved bill of the Virginia Rail. It cautiously looks up the road; looks down the road; takes time to consider; then out sprints the bird, tail jut, jut jutting at every step as he runs across the road into the reeds beyond.

At twilight that field that had lain so still and silent in the sunlight was all a cackle with Rail.

After Our Swale Was Drained our boys, one day in May were mowing the wild meadow when out ran a Sora from her nest and off through the unmown grain - “ran like a rat,” the boys said; the same as others are pretty sure to say when speaking of a running Rail.

The boys left the nest with a good patch of grass about it but the bird did not return – could not, a family of Rails must have more covert to move about in than a small patch like that.

The drained marsh was so dry that the nest could be and was – very snug down among the roots of the grass. It was made of the harsh, broad blades of the wild grass coiled into a well hollowed cup – a substantial but coarse unlined cup. There were six eggs; all plain, creamy drab – I have seen the smallest of the pullet eggs that looked much like them. I

## Florida Gallinule

Two neighbors together in a near by swamp headed off and caught a bird that, Rail fashion, was trying to run away. They brought it to me for identification – a bird like a rail with a horny plate of the Coat on its forehead: a Florida Gallinule.

Not very common but here and breeds here. The nest of this bird found at Cedar Lake was on a floating moss of old reeds.

## Ducks

Then my husband dredged our Orchard swale into a pond he thought best for the health of the water to keep Ducks awhile.

Our Ducks, very unlike our Geese, were scarcely monogamous. If convenient they mated in the spring; if not convenient, why, it was but a step to polygamy. If mated, the Duck and Drake separated when family cares began; the mother alone taking the whole care of the eggs and brood.

We found our Ducks more omnivorous than Geese. They ate everything and ate too much – they could; it was so easy for them to disgorge the food they did not need. One morning after a warm rain I heard my husband call: "Jane come and see what this Duck has been doing." The Duck was running gayly away from a clean pile of earth worms he had disgorged. I counted the worms. There were sixty.

## Shore Birds

Many naked shore, whether sea shore or shore of smallest pond or stream, we may look for Shore Birds of one species or another – birds with bill long and slender, covered either entirely or partly with a soft skin that is sensitive to touch; wings, long flat slender and pointed that fold like a mantle down upon the short tail – in some of the species clear to the tip of the tail; legs long and slender. There are Shore birds, like our Woodcock who differ in some of those traits, but such birds are rare.

The Shore Birds are birds of the ground; they cannot alight on trees; they must stand flat-footed. The colors and markings of the sexes are alike. Their eggs, pointed at tips and brood at bare, laid points together cannot roll away from the shallow nest on the ground. Four eggs may expect to find in the Shore Bird's nest when the clutch is complete. Their young birds are active as soon as hatched.



## The Forest

The sixty acre forest that my husband had set apart to be sacredly kept in its primitive state was very dense everywhere except at an opening in the trees above a broad watery strip where water stood the same as in the pond that almost covered upon its upper end. The flat of black loam that bordered the swale and pond lay dark in the shade of its great trees – black walnut here, elm there. In this quiet retreat, so safe from intrusion by men, so shut out from all glare of sunlight, the pair of Woodcock who homed there year after year could probe in the soft ground by day as well as by twilight or moonlight – not too much light on that shaded share for their great night seeing eyes to bear.

Then between this flat and a small swamp beyond came a peninsula from the upland, grassy and pleasant, with a few poplar trees and prickly ash bushes scattered over it. That was where the Woodcock nest would be – quite likely, if not disturbed under the same bash year after year. It was here that I had my adventure with the Woodcock.

### My Adventure with the Woodcock

The little cur beside ran under the low branches of a bush and out came a Woodcock that lay at my feet as if hurt and distressed. I stooped expecting to catch but she struggled on just out of my reach. Another step and grasp; another and another. She struggled threw the two rail fences of the road and I over them into a neighbors oat field. We went on that stooping, grasping chase to the middle of the field before my mania left me – would not have left me then, but the bird left me. She raced on wing and skimmed neatly along just above the ground to the roads beyond. But as soon as she reached the wood, while I still stood there, dazed and bewildered, she rose into the air above the trees and with slow, majestic flight, proceeded back to her nest.

A young friend told me of a thwack he received on the back while waking on a slope near one of our lakes. He wheeled and there lay a Woodcock; but he did not yield to her wile as I had done.

In another part of our farm are a few acres of “wood lot.” On one seventeenth of April I startled a Woodcock from her nest in a half cleared border of these woods. In a slight depression close to the stem of a small, low bush lay four Sun-colored, spotted eggs. The nest was thinly lined with dry leaves.

At the foot of an orchard that sloped down to the bottom land of Cedar Creek a pair of Woodcock had their nest year after year at the root of an apple tree whose leaning trunk gave it shelter.

## The Meadow

One moonlight evening in June finds us on the farm road that crosses a wet meadow. A family of Woodcock have come for night feeding. We hear the loud calls of the old male bird from one side of the path and the low, sweet, chatty note of the chickens for the other. The brood with its mother I suppose are quite near, and the father not far away as we pass between, yet none of them are disturbed. We seat ourselves on the bridge that spans a ditch. Soon the male bird, wishing to be on the other side comes and crosses over in a low flight just above the bridge. The spot where he alights is straight opposite the one he leaves. Why does he make the deep curve in his flight – almost a loop – that he may pass by way of the bridge?

And as he passes, so near that I feel the fan of his wings on my face. Why does he not swerve in his flight or by other sign show that he is startled by the Owl I met in the twilight, why did he not, swerve before he was right upon me – less than a foot from my breast? It was so dusk that I could know her only by her dissatisfied auk, „ auk,” why did she go on with her feeding in the bush within reach of my hand. And why can I get so much nearer my Wood Pewees in the twilight than by daylight. The Woodcocks on the shaded forest flat are as keen to get out of my way by daylight as other birds.

My pretty albino neighbor, with white hair and eyes that are tinged with pink cannot bear the sunlight, yet she reads and does the finest sewing by day, while in the shade. She cannot see to do those things by night even the lightest. What to us is dense darkness is to her a deep twilight. On the darkest night she discerns objects about her room. When close, she sees the pointers of the clock or the outline of the picture. She delights in moonlight and would rather work in her garden on a moonlight night than to sleep. May it not be possible that the sight of a night bird is similar to the albinos.

Differing from other Shore birds, the Woodcock's wings are short and rounded; his legs short and strong; but his bill is the Shore Bird's bill in perfection – long and highly sensitive. He gets his food almost entirely by probing and felling for it in soft boggy earth.

When the mother bird must probe for food, her mate sits on the nest.

It is said that their eggs hatch with fourteen days incubation.

Our neighbor saw a Woodcock flying with two young birds; one carried in each foot.



## Jack Snipe

### The Belt of Flags

April 15<sup>th</sup> A beautiful sunny morning after a snowstorm. The snow, soft and fluffy, lies deep over the ground like condensed mist. Mingled with the water in the low, boggy strip in the pasture it is slush-cut of it the tussocks of flags rise close together like islands. In an archipelago. A flock of snipe are feeding there – must have arrived in the night. There are about twenty. They are standing in the slush between and probing in the bogs. The birds of the flock keep as close together as possible allowing one tussock to each – no two feeding from the same tussock.

They are taking the belt by courses. Not one tussock is missed. Each bird works long and patiently before leaving one tussock for another – apparently not leaving till everything within reach of his bill, worm or flag root, is gathered.

They work constantly, busily, but in perfect silence. Such a tremble, tremble, trembling of head as they feel about in the mire of the bogs; now and then one washes his bill with a right and left movement in the slush he stands in; sometimes one pauses to stretch his wings – such beautiful long, slender, white-lined wings stretched straight upward always one wing parallel with the other; rarely a bird rises in the air and to fly away to some other feeding ground and always utters the snipe cry as he rises, but otherwise, through all their doings, the silence of the flock is complete.

A Red-tailed hawk comes and alights on a low tree close to the flags – close where the snipe are feeding. But where are the snipe? Skulked! Skulked completely; for though the Hawk watches long from his limb even he with his keen eyes does not find them. After awhile the Hawk spies game in the distance and flies away; but he is no sooner in the air – only a few feet from his perch – then the Snipe are up feeding just as if their work had met with no interruption. The Hawk returns with a frog to the tree and leisurely eats it there. This time the birds feed on without fear; they seem to know that the Hawk will not slay unless he has need of food.

All day long, minute by minute, hour by hour the Snipe work without ceasing. When the sun sets they work on still, for the moon is at its full and “Snipe grow: fat through the light of the moon, so at night long they keep on feeding, the early daylight proves it showing their night advance on their feeding ground equal to that of the day before.

That they are feeding on the roots of the flag is shown by the white bits of it that now and then a bird brings to light in his bill. It is said that Snipe are exceedingly fond of sweet flag; but all the flags in this belt are of the common kind.

On the morning of the third day, April 17, as a flock of Red-shouldered Blackbirds play together in the air, two or three Snipe rise and play with each other within the flock of

Blackbirds. When ever the Blackbirds alight on the tree the Snipe drop to the ground. The play spells are repeated several times before the Blackbirds fly away.

By the fourth morning (April 18) the snipe are feeding on the lower part of the belt of flags; and that is near the railroad. A railroad workman comes and waits for his comrades. The birds skulk but not so completely as from the Hawk. Their long bills are thrown lengthwise their backs and they stand close against the flags, their striped colors blending with the mingled dead and green leaves, but their bright eyes are wide open. They wait in this way while the workmen are collecting, but at the first stroke of the pick they are up feeding.. At evening of that day they are still busy near the further end of the belt of flags.

Early in the morning of April 19<sup>th</sup>

The Snipe are gone- perhaps for a short stay at some other feeding ground, but likely it is Good Bye till the return in the fall from their northern breeding place.

Transcriber's Note: This journal entry became an article. There are a few variations in the two writings.

### Spotted Sandpiper

#### The Pond in the Pasture

Earth was taken from four places on our farm for the curve in the railroad that was hastily made about the Sink Hole to take, for a time, the place of the sunken grade. Those pits – and the two ungraded ones still hold – water like cisterns. One of them is well on towards the farther end of our pasture. We call it the pasture pond. This pasture is most pleasant – a long, grassy strip running between field clear back to the big woods. That the cattle and sheep may have shade a few with its trees one here a cluster there is like a park but none of the trees are near enough to shade the pond. The pasture grass grows flush to the rim of the basin; the margin of the pond within the basin is so trodden by the herds that come to drink that no green thing grows there except one small willow that hugs the bank; so that pond is open to all the sunshine the summer has to give.

This pond is the home of a pair of Spotted Sandpipers – is and has been I think it was preempted by them when it was first a pond. They were here the first summer we were on the farm and not one of the fifty one summers since has failed to have its pair at this particular pond. I have never seen a Spotted Sandpiper at any of the other pits which lie in partial shade. This pond is not one bit too sunny for them. It is their home. They never wonder away, except when called to their nesting duties there is no day from their arrival



arrival in spring to their departure in fall – no time of day from early dawn till dusky twilight but we may find our teeter. Tails right there in the pasture pond.

They go stepping about their tail forever teeter, teeter, teetering upward from its proper level, go teetering along the shore at the water's brink, picking insects within their reach from the surface of the pond – go daintily as if preferring not to wet their feet more than they must.

An old snag lies sprawling in the middle of the pond. Often the birds fly over to this and from it reach out for insects that scoot about it on the water.

As the birds fly across the pond a broad, zigzag bar of pure white shows handsomely on their out-spread wings.

The farm road lies along the upper margin of the basin. Whenever we ride by, the Sandpipers feed on, giving us no attention; but let one approach there and they are up on wing in a moment crying pret-weet, peet, weet as they fly away. But our pair are so tame that they will soon be returning – be returning and again be feeding though I be seated quietly in fence corner right at the backside margin of the basin.

Near by is a grain-field where the pair always go for nesting. No one of us has ever disturbed them by searching for their nest. The birds like to alight along the rail fence that separates this field from the pasture. It looks queer to see them alight on their backward thrown feet and then tip forward bring their body from a perpendicular to a horizontal position. My husband thinks it is this that gives the name of "Tip up."

I have seen great confusion among them when chancing to come upon them soon after the young birds were out of the shell. The little fellows look like tiny striped backed chickens. We do not see them at the pond until they are in full feather – fine, handsome youngsters that we know from the parents by the lack of the beautiful circular spots that ornament the breast of the old birds – the breasts of the young birds are clear, pure white.

A nest a few rods back on the shore of Cedar Lake was a slight depression at the root of a small bush.

A bird who had her nest in the strawberry field would sit till the pickers were right upon her; then fly away with a peet-weet only to return as soon as they were a few feet farther along.

## The Plover Family

Birds of plains and low bare fields near water. Bill shaped like a pigeons; wings extremely long.

### Killdeer

(A noisy worker by the shore)

One third day in March my husband found a fresh cow in the pasture. He milked her on the ground. Directly three worms squirmed up from the warm spot. On that same day I heard the t e e t of the Killdeer and the notes of Bluebirds. Our Killdeer comes as soon as the warm March sunshine calls such game to life to the surface of the grounds.

One year I saw a Killdeer the twenty eighth of February – one alone in a retired field. I have found it hard to know just when they arrive in spring. If I keep my ears alert I may catch a single t e e t from some low, retired field that tells me he is here. His retirement is close and his t e e t s, singly uttered, are rare until late in March or early in April.

But in April, hear him then! He is courting his mate. He is not bashful in his wooing. To show and tell the greatness of his love.

The Killdeer rises high in air  
And circles here and circles there;  
O'er pasture field, o'er field of wheat;  
O'er hill and hollow, pond and flat –  
No matter where, its just to fly  
On tireless wing and Killdeer cry –  
Killdeer! Killdeer! Killdeer! Killdeer!

The Killdeer's nest in our corn field had black rootlets scattered through it to match those in loamy soil about it. The one in the strawberry patch had bits of straw – such as the whole field was littered with after last winter mulching. The nest on the gravelly slope was lined with scattered pebbles. The on in our neighbor's clearing, with bits of rotten wood.

Our pair at the Orchard Pond became so intimate that they started a nest at our wood pile. On a square bit of ground framed in by four sticks of stove – wood lay a Killdeer's egg. I did not touch it but I lingered and busied myself near hoping to show that the place was not a safe one. The birds were quiet and out of sight but I surmised they were watching I believed they were and would move their egg and I think they did. The egg lay there that evening but was gone in the morning.

Our neighbor found a Killdeer's nest on the top of a stump two and a half feet from the ground.



Once while riding along a narrow turnpike we found ourselves with a family of Killdeer young apparently not long from the shell; such consternation! Old birds and young running round beneath us and we every moment expecting to see them crushed by the horse's hoofs or by the wheels; but we passed on and through and nobody was hurt.

With the young Killdeers out of the shell and on foot the old birds who home at the pasture pond are greatly excited whenever we ride or walk along the farm road, no matter how safely their young are hidden. They alight on the ground before us then upon wing and away with Killdeer cries only to return again and again till we are at a safe distance.

When one alights we may see, for a moment the white linings of the elevated wings and the uncovered cinnamon color of rump and upper tail- auverts[?] – a Killdeer alights on the run one foot down the other thrown forward for a step.

One Killdeer flutters, flies and runs about us while the other sees to the day.

He flaps his wings in Rover's face  
To challenge him to run a race.  
He leads him on up hill and down  
And round and round – see Rover run!  
The Killdeer runs, the Killdeer flies,  
But never forgets his Killdeer cries –  
Killdeer, killdeer, killdeer, killdeer.

Both birds of the pair are most devoted parents and give their whole time to their brood till the young birds are able to do for themselves; but when family cares no longer bind them the Killdeers delight to join their neighbors in rather small social gatherings – a company of Killdeers at the Orchard Pond feeding together by moonlight; twenty killdeers enjoying themselves in the shallow water of the Pasture pond on a sunny, hazy October day; fifteen Killdeers together on the shore of our beautiful Cedar Lake and there are lovely things to see; but most interesting and beautiful when the birds – so easily startled, so willing and ready to be started – when the Killdeer of a company all rise and disperse in the air with killdeer cries flying here and there, round and round, as Killdeer will, till satisfied with their play and ready to settle down somewhere – most anywhere – sometime at one pond sometimes another and some here, some there for a quiet feed.

## How I Came To Study Birds.

Among the very first memories I have is of a room that I see as in a picture. It is in the evening. The blaze from the logs in the great fire-place lights the whole room.

In one of the chimney corners two little children – my brother and myself – sit together, very still, in broad arm chair; grandmother knits in her rocker; Grandfather in his, head thrown back, eyes shut, listening intently while my young aunt read aloud by the candle-stand.

In our own part of the house mother busies herself with sewing or knitting as father reads.

I could write of the spinning chamber where spinning wheels and loom were kept and used; of the cheese-room; of the taylor's where, every fall, came with shears, grease [?] and press-board of the broom maker, with his hand machinery for making up our broom corn; but I will only write of the shoe maker who brought his bench and kit of tools and sat himself down in our chimney corner.

My father had great care over the measurement of my feet. I was to give it my whole weight while the shoe maker was measuring it.

My father and mother would not have me pinched. I was never to wear a shoe that was too short; nor one too tight about the ball; I was never to wear anything about my waist that would not admit deep breath as I fasten my belt.

When I was six year old my father brought us to a farm he had purchased in Berlin, Erie Co. Ohio.

I remember the Bluebird's nest in the knot-hole of the chestnut rail that he lifted me to see; the Brown thrasher's nest he showed me in the brush-heap; my Mother's Meadow Lark that – as long as it lived we believed came to a certain lofty, out cropping twig of our honey locust tree to sing his first spring song; the Sandpiper's peet-weet as he teetered along the shore of the creek – the dear old Chapell, that ran and sang its way through the pasture.



## The Swale

There were other swales on our farm but I shall write here only of the one that went most directly to join the reedy, marshy run that soon, at the head of Cedar Lake, found itself a part of the great reedy swampy field within which the lake lay.

There was a cathole or two, now and then a cluster of willows or of a black ash trees strung along on the swale and cattails were the rule. I called our swale the road to heron Town for near its junction with the marshy border of the run was a black ash swamp where in the trees there had been a wonderful Heron Town.

Our swale was but one thread, Cedar Run but one strip, the marsh that held Cedar Lake but one field of the many, many reedy threads, strips and fields of North Eastern Indiana. These marshes needed the birds and the birds needed them; so, when the country was new there were plenty of

## Wading Birds

And chief among Waders were the

## Hérons

Birds that waded about the marsh on stilts; with strong spear-shaped spearing fish, frog or mouse; with long, lithe, supple neck to carry the spear like a flash to its mark; with plumage so soft and fluffy that there could be no rustle of feather to startle the fame-Nature's fishers; each one alone – always alone, silent, patient but ever ready while fishing. Such would be the heron, no matter what species, while fishing, but this the Heron in the air as he came or went, to or from our swale; a bird with stilts streaming in two parallel lines behind him be with no visible neck; for Herons have a habit unique among birds; the habit of folding the long, many-joined neck down wholely or partly folded as he stands; must have it folded close upon his body as he flies.

The Herons when they came to our swale were of two sorts – Tree Herons and Ground Herons – for as I think I may be allowed to call them. The Tree Heron would perch on trees, roost on trees, and have their nest on trees or bushes that grew up out of water. Their eggs, smooth polished and beautiful, would bear tints borrowed from the sky above them and the water beneath them.

Ground Herons or Bitterns never alight on trees. They nest on the ground. The nest of the Great Bittern on the ground, the drab eggs; the Least Bittern's nest is likely to be a platform made by the birds within a tussock of reeds that grows up out of deep water and the eggs in this nest will be white tinged with green.

Last page of book and written upside down in it.

American Merganser. Fish Duck. Common in spring and fall.

The Black Duck known only as a migrant.

Baldpate? – formerly common and summer resident

Green-winged Teal Common in Spring and Fall

Blue-winged Teal “ “

The Shoveler Duck “ “

The Pin-Tail Duck “ “

The Wood Duck A Summer resident

Red-Head Common in Spring and Fall

Canadas Back Here during migration

The Blue-Bill. Scaup Duck. Big Black-head.

Ring Necked Duck.

American Godlen Eye – Whistler. WhistleWing

Buffle Head

Old Squaw Duck

Ruddy Duck. Fool? Duck

Cannot still positive as to any other Hooded Merganser. Very possibly here. One shot at Cedar Lake.

Markings on the inside cover of the journal (not in Jane's hand). Believe this journal was sent to her son, Frank Hine, after her death.

F. B. Hine

In care of James J. Long

American Consol

Parral

Chihuanhan

There was a second journal, a cleaner version, not as large in which some of the entries were rewritten and corrections made and items added. It was titled “Our Farm.” This is a consolidation of the two journals. Both of these journals are owned by Jean Faulkner of Pleasant Lake, Indiana.



## Blue Bird

"Hark on the air some music floats  
As by a breezy wing,  
Ah! 'tis the Blue Bird's gentle notes  
Coming to tell of spring."

I am Blue Bird, I am the earliest bird of spring. When the first mild spring day comes, when the snow begins to melt and the turf to appear, then listen for my note and look for me.

I and my fellows come first, our gentle mates arrive a few days later. There is great rejoicing when they join us.

Yes I am Blue Bird; my back is blue but my breast is chestnut red and my belly is white. My mate is a trifle smaller than I am and wears plainer and softer colors.

My wings are strong; I am able to take long journeys in the air.

My bill is black. It is well formed for seizing the insects I like.

My feet are also black. They are short and stout. My feet are formed for perching only; I do not hop or walk.

I often fly to the ground to get a worm, or grub, or grafshopper, or beetle, but I do not remain there; I take my insect right up to a low perch on some stump, or fence, or bare branch, and when that is eaten I quietly watch about me for another. I often fly out into the air and size grafshoppers or beetles that are pafsing by on the wing.

After the coldest days of spring are past I and my mate seek some secure place to hold our nest. We like a hole in a tree, a hollow post or stub, a knot-hole in a rail, or a bird-house---a bird house is very nice.

While my mate gathers sticks, and grafs, and makes her nest I watch to see that no danger comes near her; if I find an insect that is very choice I feed it to her; I cheer her with my gentle song; I examine her work and call it "Good; truly, truly, good; truly, truly, good."

When the nest is made five or six pretty pale blue eggs are laid in it. My mate sits closely on her eggs-as a faithful mother should- until our young birds are born - then come busy times for us, for there are hungry mouths to fill.

We have two and sometimes three broods of birds in a season. This gives us no time for discontent - indeed we are a busy and a happy family.

We love our summer home; we are in no hurry to leave the pastures, and fields, and groves that have cherished us; so we linger until the frosts of winter are very near; then we must go. High in the air, with steady flight seldom resting by the way, uttering our note as we fly, we journey to our southern winter residence.



## Robin

You know me well. I am a true friend that never fails you. As sure as the spring comes so sure it is that I and my mate leave the society of our fellow Robins and come to make our nest and rear our brood near your dwelling.

I wear a dark olive dray coat and a ruddy red vest. My mate's drefs is like my own only a trifle paler in color.

I hop and run upon the ground and with my strong bill dig grubs and draw earth worms from it; but when I sing I like best to pour out my loud, sweet, cheerful song from the top most branch of a tree.

I have more than one song. Many times in the down of the morning while you are yet asleep in your bed, I sing this call to you: - Hurry up Peter, hurry up Peter, Peter, Peter, hurry, hurry Peter.

Sometimes I sing Three o' cheers, three o' cheers, give us three o' cheers. These songs I vary to suit myself.

Look for our nest in an apple tree, or an evergreen, or any shade tree, or a bush or a grape vine. If in a tree it may be in a very high crotch, or it may rest on some lower branch almost within your big brother's reach. If in a bush or vine it may possibly be so low that you yourself may look down upon it without standing on tip toe.

Our nest is made of coarse stuff and mud. When the mud is dry it is neatly lined with grafs or hay. My mate lays four or five greenish-blue eggs.

I often visit the nest and stand and look proudly down upon the eggs or the young birds that are in it. I sometimes carry worms to our fledglings but it is the mother who most frequently carries them food; who broods them; and who with her bill very often arranges the grafs of their bed to keep it smooth and in order. I guard my family faithfully and I sing.

Our young ones when fledged are handsome dappled fellows.

I and my mate rear two broods in a year and sometimes three. The first brood is hatched in the season of apple blossoms; the second when the air is sweet with the scent of clover; and the tree that holds the third may hang heavy with ripe, golden August apples.

After the last of our young birds are grown you will seldom see us about your dwelling, for then we go to retired places and join our fellow Robins.

In flocks we wonder from place to place in quest of food. Where wild autumn berries are most plenty there are we.

There are fields of poke berries in waste lands; there are dogwood berries in forests; and there are patches in the swamps that are red with the fruit of black alder. All these are good to our taste.

When winter approaches we leave the fields and woods and swamps that have sustained us through the autumn and go to the more southerly place where the snows are left deep, the winds left bleak and wild berries more plenty.

But with the spring we shall return, and I and mate will come to your swelling and from the loftiest bough of the old apple tree I shall sing to you Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up, cheer, cheer, cheer.



## Crow

Caw, caw, caw; I am at your service my young friend to relate to you the story of myself.

I am a large, fine bird and black – black from the point of my bill to the tips of the claws on my toes. No lady's black drefs was ever more lustrous than the plumage I wear; and when I walk about on the ground my tail sweeps out behind me like a lady's silken trail.

I love society of my fellows. We call to one another; we fly here and there together and to meet other Crows. We like to breakfast, dine and sup in sociable little companies, always having one of our number to guard as while we eat. Perched in some place where he can see all about him the sentinel crow watches for danger and, if need be, gives us a warning call that we may up and away from anything that may harm us – up and away, each one with his noisy caw, caw, caw, caw, caw.

The Great Father Who gave you life has given me life and in His wise goodnefs has made me just as I am – to do the things I do and to eat the things I eat. I eat grain but meat suits my taste better. If I sometimes pull the farmer's young corn I pay him well by destroying worms and grubs that live in his soil, grafshoppers that eat the grafs of his pastures and meadows, and mice that steal his grain. I clear away the flesh of death things that, were if not for me, would lie to rot and poison the air he breaths. I know the places where snakes and turtles bury their eggs, and I get them. I go to still pools to feast upon the spawns of frogs – I wonder if there were any Crows in Egypt when frogs became so plenty there that housewives found them in their kneading troughs.

When ready to make out nest I and my mate leave the society of other Crows and going to some part of the forest that is or town, live there by ourselves; though our neighbors are always ready to kindly come to our help if we need them – and very often we do need their assistance for there are Hawks who come prowling round and must be driven away lest they devour our eggs or our children.

We search out a very secret place for out nest. It must be in some forest tree and high from the ground. We carry many sticks then mofs, leaves, wool and grafs until it is warm and soft. We make it deep and neatly line it with hair.

There are five or six fine eggs laid in this nest that are pale green with dark colored spots and markings upon them.

I kindly feed my mate while she sits. Our young birds eat heartily and, as they thrive best on meat, such things as frogs, moles, grubs and beetles have to suffer. The voices of our young ones are weak and quavering and very harsh, yet we love to hear them; we are loving, attentive parents.

While we are rearing our children I and my mate quietly roost by ourselves near our nest; but when they are grown, and able to fly far and well, we take them with us, at the approach of each evening, and, with our neighbors, go away to some appointed place to

meet other Crows who come from all the country round – sometimes many hundreds of them – and there, often a little season of noisy sociability, we all retire to rest together, safely hidden in the leaves of the thicket we have chosen for our roost. Then in the morning, while it is still very early, we go out different ways again for the day.

If I remain with you, you will find me a very quiet bird through the winter; but I am one of the very first to tell you when spring is approaching. You may say “Spring is coming for I hear the cawing of the Crows.”



## Goldfinch

Perhaps you call me Wild Canary, or Yellow Bird but my true name is American Goldfinch.

The plumage I wear in fall, in winter and early in the spring is of a very modest color. So plain a bird am I then that few observe me; but about the first of May I come into my beautiful, golden summer suit, and while I wear this I am much looked at and greatly admired. This suit is golden yellow with black and white enough for trimming. My wings and tail are black with white markings – there is a black cap on my head. My mate is at all times a very plain bird. Where I am yellow she is greenish brown, and she wears no black cap.

In the spring you see us in flocks. We are not birds that alight much on the ground, yet you may perhaps on some bright sunny morning see such a picture as this: A field of short young grafs sparkling with dew, and dotted all over with dandelions and Yellow Birds.

It is not at all uncommon to see a tree with so many Goldfinches upon it that it seems to be in full blossom with them. Sometimes we are on the tree together to bask in the sun, to drefs our feathers, or to sing in concert; sometimes we are there clinging and swinging as we feed upon something we find about the starting bugs, as the young shoots at the tips of the twigs.

We like to feed about evergreens when they are in flower; and so does the Orchard Oriole who often drives us away from them. But this we do not mind, we rise right up high in the air and away we go on the gallop, and we return in the same way by the time he has finished his meal.

We love to be in the air. It is easy for us to fly. We often take long flights – not in a straight line as a Crow flies, but up and down, and up and down; in a way that makes it appear that we go bounding through the air. We have little notes that we utter whenever we ascend in this scalloping flight.

We love to bathe in shallow water; and you may often see us drinking at the water's brink.

In June I and my mate leave our flock and live very quietly while we are raising our young birds.

We place our nest in a crotch of upward growing twigs. It may be in a fruit tree, or shade tree, or bush. If you know of a swaly place in some field where willows and wild rose-bushes grow you need not seek in vain if you search there for a Goldfinch's nest.

Our nest is very beautiful. It is deep like a cup. We make it of wild hemp if that is to be had, then line it from brim to bottom with plenty of plant silk. This lining we prefs until it is smooth and firm like felt.

My mate lays five or six blueish-white eggs, and begins to sit as soon as the first egg is laid. After awhile there will be one baby bird, then another, and another; one hatching each day until there are five or six of them in their beautiful silken cradle.

We raise two broods in a season. Our young birds are plain of color like their mother, but the males will come into their golden suits in the following spring.

After we are through nesting we join other Goldfinches and again go about in companies. Then thistles are ripe and you may look for us where they grow for we are so fond of their seeds that by some we are called Thistle Birds. The stalk of the thistle bends and sways beneath my weight, but I cling fast gathering and eating the seeds and throwing the sild to the winds. We are fond of other winged seeds besides the thistle. If your lettuce bed has run up to seed we are sure to visit it.

But every summer must have an end and so does ours. When autumn comes all male Goldfinches must loose their black caps and their gay, golden, summer coats be changed for plain ones something like those the females wear all the year round.

Yes we change our coats but we do not leave you yet. Late in the fall we are much about places where goldenrod, asters, and other wild plants grow in patches, for they yield us a harvest of seeds.

Indeed those seeds may be so plenty as to cause a few of us to linger after all other summer birds have flown – to linger and brave some wintry weather before we are ready to bid you good bye for a more southerly place.



## Wood Thrush

Do you love music? Then come to the woods sometime in May or June and hear me sing. My voice is clear like that of a flute and very sweet. There are but few birds in the world whose song is so fine as mine. Yes, right here in your own woods you have a bird who is ranked among the very best singers of the world.

I love dew and sing best at evening twilight when it is falling, or early in the morning when the leaves sparkle with it. My songs are more frequent on moist, dripping days than on sunny ones.

You must come to the woods if you would hear me sing for I am not found in fields or orchards; the forest is my home.

I love solitude and retirement, and I love to be near water, so look for me in such a secluded retreat as a moist shady hollow, a bushy, wooded slope that descends to a watery swamp; or the valley of a gurgling forest brook.

There must also be fallen logs that are red and crumbling with decay, and a carpet of old, matted leaves over the woody mold about them, for there I find plenty of such kinds of insects and worms as I like for food.

I run numbly over the ground in search of those insects, often stopping to look for them or to listen for some sound by which I may know if they are present. I throw the leaves aside with my bill when I hear the stir of game beneath them.

Do you see that to get the food I require I must be much upon the ground. I love to be as near the ground for I am modest and lowly in my ways. When I fly I flit along in short flights just above it. When I rise to a perch I always choose a low branch – a low branch except when I sing, then I like a very lofty place; the top of the tallest tree in the forest is none too high for me when I sing my best song.

But when you hear my silvery notes you need not expect to see the singer, for when I sing I shyly retire amongst the leaves.

I cannot be known from my mate by any difference in size or drefs. Our colors are soft and pleasing though very plain; they are such as blend well with red, decaying logs and old fallen leaves.

We make our nest in an upright crotch of some bush or very low tree. We first place old leaves at the bottom of the crotch, then on this foundation we build a plaster cup made of grafs-blades and mud. The wall of this cup is thin but tough and strong.

Four or five eggs of a delicate greenish blue color are laid.

We rear one brood and sometimes two in a summer. Our young birds when able to flit about are not so shy as they will be when older. If, when within their haunt, you are quiet and motionless they may come to a perch that is very near and sit and look at you to gratify their curiosity about you.

Before the autumn has fairly come we must leave our quiet, sheltered summer home, for we have a long journey before us. We go flitting along through one woods into another, traveling and resting by turns, until we reach the place of our winter residence which is beyond the border of your country.

## Cedar Waxwings

I am a lover of fruit. My taste for cedar berries has given me the name of Cedar bird.

When your cherries are ripe I and my mate will visit your cherry trees. By the time of the cherry season it is usual that we have left our flock to be by ourselves for nesting. We are seldom far apart, when one comes to your tree the other comes also; so when cherries are ripe look for a pair of beautiful fawn brown, crested birds who are so nearly alike that it takes a quick eye to know the male from the female. Yet there is a little difference, the edging of yellow that tips the tails of both is broader on that of the male, and his colors are a shade brighter than those of his mate.

Our plumage is soft, smooth and silky, and with our upright crest and slender shape, we are very elegant.

Our inner wing quills are tipped with red wax. These tips look like coral beads in a little row across each folded wing.

Our feet are weak, they are formed for perching but not for hopping or walking; so do not expect to see us on the ground.

Such fruits as cherries, wild-cherries, wild grapes, poke berries, the red berries of the swamp alder and cedar berries are food for us; but we love insects also. We destroy worms and caterpillars that we find on the foliage of trees and shrubs. We sometimes catch insects in the air the same as Kingbirds do. A Cedar bird makes a handsome appearance as from a perch on some tree top he circles out, or swoops up, to seize his prey.

We are silent birds. You never hear a song or a chirp from a Cedar Waxwing; only a low, lisping tsee, tsee, that sounds like the note of an insect. If you come to our nest I and my mate will hide ourselves away and be silent, for we have no note by which we express our alarm or distress.

We are very late about making our nest; it is well into June before we commence it. We make it larger than birds of our size usually build. We gather for it such things as coarse grass, weeds, leaves, bark and pieces of twine. If you have cotton placed out for birds to use we will help ourselves to it freely. The softer and fluffier it is the better for we are quite particular about it, throwing away such parts as do not suit us. We both come for it and both carry it away.

My mate lays three or four and sometimes five slender, tapering eggs. In color they are dingy bluish white marked with dark spots.

Our very young birds must have insects; later they are able to eat fruit.



About the first of August I and my family are ready to join our comrades. This we are glad to do for Cedar birds love the society of their fellows.

When in a flock we keep close together. When one goes all go; when one alights all alight, and usually upon the same tree. In flight we move through the air in a close company with no more straggling than there would be in a marching band of soldiers.

Except through our short nesting season we are roving birds; stopping about one place as long as food is abundant but up and away when it begins to be scarce.

We are very hardy and can stand the cold, but we must go to spend the winter where wild berries still clinging to trees and shrubs are plenty.

We can store food in our gullet enough to make a dinner for a bird.

## Phoebe Bird

I am a bird that people love. I am dull of color and homely of form, and my song is only a simple one, yet people love me.

This is not strange, we all love those who trust us; and I have such trust that you need not be surprised when I make my nest within the shed where the cattle lie and the children play; or beneath the bridge from which the boys cast their fishing lines and over which you ride. If a railroad bridge suits us I and my mate place our nest and raise our brood there and do not mind the noise of trains that pass above us.

My time of coming to you in the spring is a few days later than that of the Robin. You may hear my pleasant little call phe'be, phe'be, phe'be – as soon as I arrive. I come directly to the shed, or bridge, where I am used to nesting and remain near it, solitary but cheerful, until my mate arrives, a week or two later.

I am domestic and quiet in my tastes. I love the society of my mate but not of other birds. Phoebe Birds are not seen in companies.

I do not hop nor walk, it is my wings that take me wherever I go.

I do not go on the ground except to gather material for my nest and sometimes to perch upon a clod that is higher than the earth about it.

I have a restless tail I am constantly flipping it.

I seldom taste of fruit or seeds, I live upon flies and other small winged insects. To get those insects I sit on some bare branch or fence, or weed stalk and quietly watch until I see one passing by, then fly out into the air, snap him up, and return to the perch I left, or alight upon another near one.

I often catch mosquitoes before they are old enough to fly – while they are yet skimming about in their boats. I can swoop down from my perch and flip one off from the water without wetting my feathers; though if I wet them a trifle I do not mind.

To bathe I skim through the water without pausing in my flight – skim through it and back to my perch.

It takes a number of these swooping plunges to complete my bath. I take my time about it stopping to dress my feathers a little after each plunge.

For our nest we must have a shelf-like place so close beneath some shed roof or bridge floor that there is only room for us to slip in over its rim. If you have no such shelf-like place in your farm yard shed make one by nailing a strip of board to its rafters. Perhaps I and my mate may come and build a cup of mud upon it and within this cup place a neat soft nest made of hay, grass, and bits of twine. There may be four or five milk-white eggs

laid in it; but do not handle them for it is likely we shall leave our nest if you do. And when our young birds have flown do not disturb the nest for we may wish to sue it again. We have been known to make one cup to raise our two broods of one summer, and those of the next year also.

I am the last one of my tribe to leave you when summer is over. Near some slow moving stream, or swaly place where insects are bred I linger until about the middle of October.

I winter in the southern part of the United States.



## Catbird

On account of a harsh squall I have that is like the mewing of a cat I am called Catbird; yet because of my graceful form, my sprightly manners, my friendly ways, and my sweet and varied song, I deserve a better name.

I am a mimicking thrush. I am near relation to the famous Mocking Bird that lives in the southerly part of the United States, and who is so highly prized as a cage bird.

My home is in thickets. If you have tangles of shrubbery on your lawn, or berry patches in your garden I may raise my brood near your house; but it is in lowland thickets where Catbirds most delight to swell, and where they may be found in such numbers that the different pairs must live as very close neighbors.

Enter one of those copies in May or June and you may hear our songs on every side of you – songs that seem to be music in as much of a tangle as the interlaced branches of the shrubbery we inhabit.

But place your attention upon the voice of a single songster and see if you cannot trace the words that his song seems to say. You may hear a musical lingo that has many variations. Perhaps it will be like this: Joe Reader, Joe Reader, you cheat, you cheat, you stole, you stole, you did, you did. You didn't? You didn't? You lie, you like, you did, you did. I repeat, I repeat, Joe Reader, Joe Reader, you cheat, you cheat, you stole, you stole, you did, you did.

I am a plain slate-gray bird with a black cap. I have but one beauty spot about me and that is so hidden that your eyes must be sharp if you find it. It is a tuft of soft brick red feathers beneath my tail

The plumage of my mate is the same as my own.

We place our nest in some thicket of brier as bramble bushes or tangle of vines. It is never very far from the ground. It is made of weed stalks, sticks, leaves and coarse grasses, and is lined always with fine, black rootlets.

Our eggs are greenish blue without any spots or markings.

We raise two broods in a season.

I love worms and caterpillars which I gather both from the ground and from leaves. I feast upon grafshoppers in their season. I sometimes leap into the air for flies.

I am very fond of fruit. There are plenty of different kinds of berries growing wild in such places as I like to inhabit.

I come to you much later in the spring than the robin and leave you earlier in the fall.

And while migrating I do not fly high over forest and field as the Robin does; I fly quietly along from thicket to thicket, keeping within those thickets all I can, for I am at home only in thickets.

I winter in the southern most part of the United States.

### **Ruby-throated Hummingbird**

I am a wonderful bird.

I am wonderfully small; not much larger than are some insects.

My powers of flight are wonderful. I fly swiftly. I do now and then alight upon some naked twig, yet I spend so little time in perching that I may be said to live upon the wing.

I gather and eat my food as I hurry held in the air by my swiftly moving pinions.

My mate collects things she uses for her nest in the same way.

I fight my battles in the air.

It is the rapid motion of my wings that causes the humming sound you hear as I fly or as I over before a flower.

I have a wonderful tongue. It is long and slender like a thread, yet it is hollow. It holds within itself two small tubes that run, side by side, its whole length from its tip to its roots. The honey I gather is sucked up at the tip of my tongue into and through those two pipes as you would suck sweet cider through a straw.

This tongue is hung upon roots that are like a pair of coils in my head. To pass it for beyond the tip of my long bill I have only to stretch upon those coils.

My plumage is wonderful.

It appears like scales that have been chipped from brilliant gems. My back and sides are golden green. Across my throat I wear a gorget which changes its color from ruby to black as I turn in the light. No plumage of any bird can be more brilliant and beautiful than that worn by Humming Birds.

My mate has not a ruby throat. I have a forked tail which she has not, and she has white spots at the tips of some of her tail feathers which I have not.

The nest made by my mate is wonderful.

You never know where she will choose to have this nest, whether in forest, or grove, or orchard, or lawn.

She will place it on the upper side of a branch of some tree or shrub. It will be saddled to the branch; that is, its foundation will extend down the sides of the limb to hold it firm.

She will build the wall of such silk as she finds on winged seeds.

She will go to some mossy tree, or old mofs-grown rail, and gather bits of dry mofs which she will fasten to the outside of the nest with glue from her own mouth.

When the wall is made she will pad it within with such fine, silky stuff as may be found on the stems of ferns or on mullein stems.

When complete the small nest looks like a mossy know on the limb that holds it.

Only two eggs are laid in this nest. Those tiny eggs are white and as large at one end as at the other.

A matron bird sometimes begins her sitting when her first eggs is laid; perhaps this is her rule.

Our way of feeding our birdlings is wonderful. A young Humming Bird thrusts his bill within that of his mother and sucks the food she has brought him.

I love to sip honey from flowers but I also eat many very small insects. These mites I gather from swarms that are basking in the air. They may be so small that you cannot see them, but they make food suited to my small stomach.

My lack of fear is wonderful. I may enter a room to suck honey from a fresh bouquet.

I may feed from flowers you carry in your hand.

I have been known to sip juice from an apple held by a girl who was paring it.

For so small a bird the journey I take when I migrate is a wonderful one. I go hundreds of miles and do not fail to arrive at the exact place of my choice.

For winter I must go so far south as to be beyond all wintry blasts, for I cannot endure cold; and I must live where flowers bloom and where there are swarms of mites dancing in the warm air.



## **Blue Jay**

I am a large elegant bird.

I wear a blue coat a white vest and a black cravat. My head is capped with a fine crest.

My flight is strong, steady, and straight ahead like that of a Crow.

I reside in one place the whole year round. When winter comes, bleak and cold, I am with you still to cheer you with my cheerful, jolly ways.

I am very gay and love the company of my friends. Blue Jays are not apt to be seen in large flocks but they are "hale fellows well met" with their neighbors; so the Jays of a wood or farm are much in each others society.

We romp and chase about with one another, and call and answer each other with our screams the same as noisy boys do when together.

We help to fight each other's battles. If a neighboring Jay has trouble with any Hawk, Owl or Crow we fly to assist him as soon as his cries of alarm tell us there may be danger.

I and my mate are so nearly alike that it is hard to know one from the other. We are a handsome pair.

We both work at our nest while making it.

This nest may possibly rest within five feet of the ground, but it is our custom to place it much higher.

We may have it near your house in an apple tree or evergreen, or it may be in the forest in a snug crotch near the top of some young tree; perhaps in a cozy nook where the stub of a broken limb joins the broad, rugged body of an oak; or it may be in a basin-like knot-hole on the upper side of a lofty old elm branch.

Blue Jay eggs are olive-drab spotted with brown.

The mother lays four or five of them in a nest.

Grubs suit the taste of our young birds. A pair of Jays destroy many, many grubs and worms while raising their family.

There is no time in the year when we would not prefer good fat grubs to anything else, but in winter it is hard for us to obtain them; so we then feed upon other food.

We are fond of corn but we love such soft-shelled nuts as acorns and beech-nuts better. When those nuts are plenty we trouble your corn but little.

To eat a nut or kernel of corn I place it on a limb and hold it firmly there with my strong toes, then give it hammering pecks with my bill, putting all the force of my body into the blows.

A Jay has instincts that seldom at a loss to find the things he has put away.

We are industrious birds. We deposit many more nuts than we ever eat. These surplus nuts sprout and grow; and so it is that we are useful to you as Tree Planters.

### **Barn Swallows**

Summer must be near when we come to you in the spring. Brooks will run and murmur free from all icy chains, birds will sing, grass will be green and flowers will bloom before you hear the twittering of the swallows.

I am a summer bird and a summer bird only. There are too good reasons for this; my nature is such that cannot endure cold, and I live upon insects that are found only in warm air.

My upper plumage is deep steel-blue and has a luster like polished metal. This rich dark color extends downward across my breast like a collar. My forehead, throat, belly and wing-linings are chestnut red. My mate is like myself only her lower parts back of her collar are less ruddy. My head is short, broad and flattened. My bill is short, flat, broad at base transparent places in the dark plumage, and you may imagine that I have windows in tail.

My tail with its long outer feathers serves me so well for a rudder, as I skim about in the air, that it is easier for me to make short turns and curves to double on my track, to flash about in zig-zag lines, than it is for those swallows who have shorter tails.

My wings are very long very slender and very tapering. They are so powerful in flight that I am able to move at great speed, and to spend the day in the air without fatigue. I suppose I fly at the rate of a mile in a minute, and I am on wing about fifteen hours out of twenty-four.

I catch and eat all my food as I fly. You may see me skimming about over forests, over grain-fields, over ponds, and along ditches, sometimes flying high, sometimes very low, all the time snapping up insects that are food for me but harmful to man.

We are truly "birds of the air," yet Barn Swallows now and then pause in their flight and alight a few moments at a time – you may see us sitting in rows on the eaves of barns –



but we alight more for the sake of little seasons of social chatter than because we are tired of flying.

We nest in barns; this is why we are called "Barn Swallows."

There may be only one pair of the barn, or there may be a number of pairs and their nests near together on the rafters.

In nest building Barn Swallows are masons. We lay the wall of our nest, one layer upon another, with mortar made of mud mixed with straw. The lower layer and the ends of the curved layers above it are plastered to the side of some rafter or beam just beneath the roof, thus forming a snug little room between the curved wall and the rafter.

In the bottom of this room we make a soft matrefs of straw and feathers and our nest is ready to receive its eggs – eggs that are white spotted with brown.

When young Barn Swallows are able to move about you may observe that one sits on the rim of the nest to be fed while the others sleep within it. By this time he has been taught to turn about and cast his droppings outside the nest. The old swallows bring him food again and again until he has all that he needs then he gets sleepy, closes his eyes, slides back into the nest, and another bird comes to the front.

After our young birds are expert in flying we often feed them while on wing. An old bird meets a young one in the air, both rise bill to bill, and the food is dropped into the open mouth.

Swallows are joyous birds, and we exprefs our joy by almost constant twittering. We twitter when flying and twitter while perching. Most birds cease to sing when through nesting; not so with us; we twitter when we come to you in the spring, we twitter every day of our stay, and are twittering still when we leave you.

And we leave you early. Before summer is fairly over we depart for a land to the south, the gulf a land that knows no frost.

This journal appears older than the others of Jane. The paper was more yellowed and the ink very faded. The book was digitalized to be able to clearly read it from a copy to be able to transcribe it. She writes in the old style of using "fs" rather than today's writing of the double "ss" such as grafs for grass and drefs for dress. Her other writings are in the modern style.



Jane Brooks Hine's

Small Book Created  
For Her Great Grandchildren



**The Dog Days**  
**and**  
**The Dog Day Drummer**

[This is written in different handwriting: "Written for Willene and Emerson Palmer  
by their Great Grandmother, Jane L. Hine August 1913]

There are days late in summer when the dog-star, Sirius, trots on guard by the ear the sun rides in. Those days, when the sun and the dog travel together along the road high in the sky, we call  
The Dog Days.

Now on those dog days---those and no others---a little musician, The Dog-Day Drummer, sits on his music stand in the trees and plays a pair of little drums---plays by day; and when the sun sets and the crickets awake he lingers to mingle the music of his drums with theirs of their violins---lingers through the twilight; no longer; then his drums are silent till morning.

Ever since he was born he has lived in the ground. On the night of July 24<sup>th</sup> he hears the call of the Dog Days. He must answer the call for he is to be the drummer of those days. He makes his way up out of the mold. As I said: it is in the night. He is alone. He is wrapped in a blanket. In this he is stiff and clumsy. He seeks the nearest tree. He climbs upon its trunk. His blanket is too heavy and too warm. He takes it off. He finds his new dress suit moist and wrinkled. While it dries and straightens he will rest. He is lived; yes, he will rest.

The sun rises and the dog-star Sirius, rises with him on this morning of July 25<sup>th</sup>.

The little drummer's blanket, shabby and old, still hangs on the trunk of the tree where he left it, but the drummer himself is gone from the spot where, in the night, he stopped to rest. Where is he?

By and by, a little later in the morning, the music of his drums may reveal the place of his hiding. We must wait. This little drummer never plays his drums as long as there is dew on his wings.

This lady Harvest Fly hears the music of the drums. It is the call of her mate. She comes and they marry and are happy together in their home in the tree.

He is the drummer. He has his pair of kettle drums and she is the nest maker. She must carve rooms for her nests. She carried a lot of tools; two saws and an augur.

While he drums she works.



Wings? Yes, wings; two pairs of them—beautiful wings of finest gauze richly ribbed and embroidered; and his cap is shaped like a crown. No longer is he a grub that lives in the ground. He is now a beautiful large Harvest Fly that lives in a tree.

The morning advances. The sun and the dog-star rise higher and shine brighter. The dew follows them into the sky—now hear the music of the Harvest Fly's pair of kettle drums.

The pretty wife has nests to make. She chooses a branch that is young and tender. She clasps it tight. She sets her saws and her auger at work. She works rapidly. The little deep room she makes is her nest. She drops her eggs, two by two, into the saw-dust within it---four, perhaps five pairs of eggs in our nest she seals the door, then makes another nest---another and another, till there are many of them----and while she works the drummer plays his drums.

The Dog Days are ended. The sun and the dog-star, Sirius, have parted; they travel together no longer.

The mother Harvest Fly has sealed her last nest.

The drums of the drummer are silent.

Transcriber's Notes: she drew a world, grub, tree, harvest fly and nests on the pages along with the text. Jean Faulkner gave me a copy of this little booklet.

Jane Brooks Hine

Articles in Newspapers and Magazines





## Observations on the Ruby-throated Hummingbird

One 27<sup>th</sup> of May my son discovered a Hummingbird at work upon her nest, and drew for me a map of the locality by which I had no difficulty in finding the spot. It was well in the depths of an eighty acre forest. I watched my opportunity and while the bird was away for material succeeded in obtaining a desirable seat for observation. The saddle was already formed and the nest evened up to a platform level with the upper surface of the limb. It was placed beyond the middle of the long, slender maple branch about fifteen feet above the ground. The bird always followed the same direction whenever she went for material. Oftener than otherwise she returned laden to her nest in thirty-nine seconds after she left it—now and then more; once ninety seconds. I also spent much time there the 28<sup>th</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup>, and find the history of those days very similar to that of the 27<sup>th</sup>. Occasionally she took a vacation for food and rest; but those vacations were short. On May 30, at two P.M., the cup was complete and the bird was carrying silk and lining it. For this material she would be gone about as long again as for that of the outside. The next day, May 31, she was sitting. During incubation she sat lightly on her nest a few minutes, then off as many, and looked brightly about her while on her eggs.

On June 8 I found my bird in trouble; another female Hummingbird was trespassing. The aggressor would hover over the nest, swoop back and forth above it like a pendulum, alight with a tantalizing gesture on a twig close beside it, or with a squeal, dart under it, and each time she came near would get driven away by the sitting bird. Twice I saw her rob the nest, once of lichens from the outside and once a good bill-full of silk from the lining. The poor mother came back to her eggs as often as she was disturbed. After watching the constant conflict for more than two hours, I left them still battling. The next day the nest was unoccupied. During all these thirteen days—I had spent much time in close observation—I did not once see a male Hummingbird in the vicinity of the nest. It was the female who did all the labor of nest-making and of incubation and who as long as she could, valiantly defended her eggs and property. In my chosen seat I was not more than twenty feet from the nest and entirely unhidden; yet the bird paid no more attention to me than she might had I been a part of the tree I very quietly leaned against.

I once saw a female Hummingbird gather lichens from the body of a beech tree. She held herself poised before it, darting upon it again and again, until she was in her bill all she wished to carry.

About nine o'clock one spring morning, when lilacs were in bloom, we discovered that the old lilac bush by the well was 'swarming' with Hummingbirds—just come; we knew they were not there a few minutes before. There are five large lilacs on our premises and those of a near neighbor. On investigation I found four of these bushes alive, as it were, with Hummers—all females. The fifth bush, a Persian, they did not favor. The Persian lilac, with its slender, lithe branches and great, drooping cluster, is very beautiful when in bloom, but its flowers lack the sweetness of the common species. Then, all the time, there were birds in the air constantly coming and going from bush to bush. They remained the

greater part of the day. I spent much time standing within on of those bushes. The birds seemed not in the least disturbed by my presence. There were seldom less than ten and often fifteen of them about the particular bush I was occupying. Every now and then one would alight and sometimes would pass her long tongue back and forth through her bill to free it from pollen. In the afternoon a male Hummingbird occasionally came to the flowers but was invariable driven away by the females. Towards evening the flock, apparently undiminished in numbers, disappeared as abruptly as it had appeared in the morning. On the following day the Persian lilac was still in its native purple, but the beauty was gone from the other four bushes; the flowers were a dull copperas color.

Once again I fell in with a wave of migrating Hummingbirds. These were in the eighty-acre forest and this time all males. These were not in a close flock as before, but were very plentifully spiced throughout the forest.

In a neighbor's orchard a Hummingbird sucked juice from an apple while a young girl was in the act of paring it.

Once, on one of my rambles, I stopped to talk with a friend in her garden. A stalk of double velvet marigold, broken over the day before, drooped upon the ground. I suppose decay had set in, yet, as the flowers were still tolerably bright, I carried them with me when I resumed by walk. While pausing at a cornfield a Hummingbird, leaving the corn blossoms, came and leisurely fed from the marigolds in my hand, inserting its bill between the outer petals of the flowers.

I (and others also, no doubt) have found it a very common thing for Hummingbirds to be hovering and apparently feeding in the vicinity of dead branches—branches checking in the summer sun. Are they not feeding upon something attracted by decaying limbs,—insects invisible to our eyes? ---Jane L. Hine, Sedan, Ind.

Source: *Auk*, v. 11, no. 3, July-September 1894, p. 253-254



## **Tyrant Flycatchers**

### **The King bird, the Phoebe bird and a few of Their Relatives**

**By Jane L. Hine**

The order of passerine or perching birds is divided into two sub-orders, singers and non-singers. There are a few other differences that form boundary lines between these sub-orders, but the chief difference lies in the throat. The musical apparatus in the throat of a thrush, warbler, sparrow, jay or any other bird classed with melodious perchers, is complicated and complete, a musical pipe with sets of muscles attached to just the right places for manipulating it, but the voice organs of the non-melodious perchers are simple. The pipe is there in the right form, but the muscles are too few in number and not properly placed to produce a high type of melody. Our king bird and phoebe bird and their near relatives are non-musical perchers, the only representatives of this sub-order among the American birds, they belong to the family, Tyrannidae or American Flycatchers, a family exclusively American and of many species. A torrid climate is the flycatcher's paradise, so it is that comparatively few of these species are found north of Mexico. Those that do come to the United States and Canada are very closely related, they all belong to one particular branch of their family called True Tyrant Flycatchers. It is the plucky and masterful behavior of the king bird and his brother flycatchers, that have given them their family name. The different species of this group are as a rule, clothed in plain colors and the sexes alike. Their crown feathers are erectile. The bill and mouth of the Tyrant Flycatcher are characteristic, the bill broad and flattened at base, tapers to a sharp tip and there is depressed or hooked, it is notched near the tip, the bill is formed for lightness, the mandibles are hollow. That the rather broad mouth may be more capacious, its roof is excavated and it is cleft well into the cheeks, this cleft is furnished with bristles that curve outward and to the front usually not so far, but in some species as far as the tip of the bill. This roomy mouth is protected at the side by its bristles as is a cage by bars, from which a captured insect is not likely to escape. Usually the tail of these birds is but little in shape; the tail that is a trifle rounded, the square tail, the tail that is very slightly forked, are shapes that are common with them, but among North American Flycatchers there is one genera of two species, who tails are forficate, like a barn swallow. One of these species, the scissor tail, a bird whose body is about the size of the king bird's, bears a tail not less than eight inches and some times a foot long. Their feet are weak, good for perching but not for hopping or walking, a Tyrant Flycatcher never hops. He always uses his wings for locomotion, he often wheels while perching, that he may watch in a different direction, but to do this he elevates himself enough to clear the perch. He very seldom goes to the ground, but in case he does he must rise from the place where he lights. We do not as a rule see Tyrant Flycatchers taking lofty nor protracted flights, but in their own way they are extremely expert in the use of their wings, they must be for their wings are always used in capturing their food. They are as dependant upon their wings in obtaining insects as swallows are, though in a very different manner. The flycatcher chooses some perch, a bare branch, a weed stalk, a fence, an elevated clod of earth, sharp rock, some perch within a clear space and there watches for prey, watches patiently, as a cat, watches for a mouse, until the right kind of insect comes sailing



along, then a darting seep into the air, a click of the bill, a return to the perch, and the patient watch is resumed. Birds of this family do not assemble in flocks nor ever as a rule, event in small companies. The king bird, just at the time of his arrival in spring, may now and then be seen with two or three companions, but as a rule, a Tyrant Flycatcher of any species tolerates no society but that of his mate or young. It is interesting to see these birds bathe, they bathe upon the wing, from their perch chosen near the water they swoop down through it and back to perch again. To complete the bath a number of these swooping plunges are taken, the bird stopping a few minutes to dress his plumage after each plunge.

Of the North American Flycatchers, we have in our vicinity five genera represented by eight species. Of the Little Olivaceous Flycatchers, Empidonax or King Gnatcatchers, we have four species, Yellow-Bellied, Traill's Least and Arcadian Flycatchers. These little birds reside in woods or swamps. They are unobtrusive in dress and habits. The Yellow-bellied Flycatcher is the brightest species of this group, his back olive green, his belly yellow. He is very rare here even as a migrant. I meet with him each spring, as he pauses in his migration, in one particular part of a certain wood just where it is bordered by a swamp, and have never seen a bird of this species elsewhere. His stay has usually been short, but once he and his mate were here for the summer, a very uncommon thing for Yellow-bellied Flycatchers to do as it is their habit to push on farther north for nesting. This pair seemed to be homing in the swamp, but made daily raids through the wood, the males trilled pea-wayk pea-wayk revealing their progress. These little birds are playful and gay. Least and Traill's Flycatchers are usually regular migrants here, though I have reason to believe that now and then a pair of either species may tarry with us, in just the right localities for nesting. Both are here from the ninth to the latter part of May, the Least much more common than the Traill's. It is hard to distinguish these birds one from the other, and during their pause here in May, about the only way by which we may know each species is to observe the silence of the Traill's and the almost constant whit, whit, and an occasional quickly uttered, low, se-wick of the Least. The Acadian Flycatcher arrives here early in May and remains through the summer to work for the interests of those who own forests containing beech trees and as such forests are the rule here, we have the birds quite evenly distributed. For a nest the female manufactures a delicate, shallow cradle suspended by all its sides, beech twigs are disposed at the fork of a bough just right for such suspension, and so it is that this bird almost invariably chooses a beech, I once found its nest in a maple. The only one I ever found or heard of being in any other than a beech tree. This little Flycatcher gathers many worms from the leaves, he stands intently looking for his worm discovers it, then sallies out and flips it from the leaf while passing, I have seen him hold himself suspended on hovering wings before a tree trunk, darting upon it again and again for insects in the bark. The Acadian Flycatcher may be recognized by his emphatic pea, uttered steadily but with a pause of about thirty seconds between each utterance, also during his season of love, by a low whistle heard only while he is flying from one perch to another, a whistle like that we often hear, in their short flights, from the dove, pigeon or woodpecker. Of the group called Wood Pewee Flycatchers we have one species. Of this bird we may say:

He dwells within the forest,  
He loves it's deep recesses,  
He loves it's leaf roofed temples,  
He loves it's swaly places,  
He captures his food.

He rears his young brood,  
In the shadowy wood,  
And sweetly chants his trailing lay  
Peto-way-peto-way-pe-wee-pe-wee

The Wood Pewee is so like the Phoebe bird in color, form and size that it may seem a difficult thing to distinguish one bird from the other, but look at the tail, the tail that is quiet is the wood Pewee's, the tail that is constantly flipped is the Phoebe bird's. In notes and habits the two birds are very unlike, the song, (for non-singer though he be, his plaintive lay is worthy to be called a song) of the Wood Pewee, so plentifully given, is sweet and unobtrusive, the same among bird's songs, so I fancy, as wild violets, among flowers. The Wood Pewee builds on the upper side of a limb, a cup like nest, finished on the outside with moss. I have found it so low that I was able to reach it as I stood upon the ground, and again I have seen the bird making its nest on the base of a naked fork that towered well up toward the tops of the tallest trees of the forest. This bird excels in the art of flycatching, he often snaps up several insects with click, click, of the bill in one of his sweeping sallies. He sometimes leaves his perch, and, on hovering wings, pauses to feed on gnats here and there, and there, and there, before alighting. This busy bird works all the day from dawn until the evening twilight is ready to merge into darkness and this diligent work is the destruction of insects harmful to forests. Our Phoebe bird comes to us a representative of the Pewit Flycatchers, he arrives earlier in spring and remains later in fall than any other Flycatcher. When we begin to see small flies in the warm spring air we may expect soon to hear his pleasant call. The male comes first, comes direct to his former nesting place and tarrying in its vicinity, waits the arrival of his mate. His nest, on some shelf like projection, may be beneath a bridge; under a railroad culvert—the thunder of passing trains does not disturb the serenity of the pair; under a shed; within some out-house—perhaps above the door in easy reach of those who frequently enter. A phoebe bird must have a shelf to nest upon. It is well for the farmer to remember this if he wishes to increase the number of these birds upon his premises. Let him nail a board to the rafters of each shed and see that every bridge that spans a ditch has its shelf; and the phoebe birds will be gratified. This harmless bird leads a busy, useful life. Minnat says of a pair while raising their young: "Probably no less than a thousand insects must be procured each day for several weeks." The phoebe bird is plain and homely, but he is charming in character, and perhaps there is not other bird that so wins our affections. Of Crested or Rufus tailed Flycatcher;; we have one species, the great Crested Flycatcher, a large bird for a Flycatcher, not quite so large as the King bird, and common in our forests, his whistle wheep, whip, whip, wheep wheep, enlivens the solitude of our woods in summer, for a resting place he chooses a hole in a tree. The season of his stay with us is rather short, he arrives here early in May and leaves us, usually, before September, he is a fine, spirited bird and a bold, expert flycatcher. When we consider that various species of grubs and wood-worms that invest timber are the progeny of insects he likes for food, we may understand how useful a bird is the great Crested Flycatcher. Prominent among Flycatchers is the group called King Flycatcher. The King bird is one of this group, his clothing is plain, very plain, but look at him as he stands watching on his perch, so erect and trim, his black tail with its white border, a little spread, the grey of his back so clean, the white of his throat and breast so pure, and we must see that he is a handsome bird. Oftener than otherwise he is content with a lowly perch and lowly game but sometimes he takes a high stand, perhaps on a bare branch at the top of an apple tree, and watches for lofty game, then his insect discovered, observe him as he sweeps grandly upward high in the air, his white



belly gleaming in the sun, and we must see that he is a magnificent bird. The King bird has one fault, he sometimes takes our honey bees; but, according to authority that is higher than mine, even the man who owns an apiary cannot afford to have him killed. Wilson says: "Whatever antipathy may prevail against him for his depredations on the bees, I can assure the cultivator that this bird is greatly his friend in destroying multitudes of insects whose larvae prey upon the harvest of his fields, particularly his corn, fruit trees, cucumbers and pumpkins. These noxious insects are the daily food of this bird, and as he destroys upon a very moderate average some hundreds of them daily, the death of every King bird is therefore an actual loss to the farmer." Cones says: "He destroys a thousand noxious insects for every bee he eats." Our neighbor, Jacob Ringer, has for years owned a thriving apiary, and believes that these birds destroy insects that are harmful to bees, enough to pay for all the bees they eat, and judging from the continued thrift of his bees we may infer that he is right in his conclusion. The King bird destroys many of those black gad flies that are so troublesome to cattle and horses, he almost lives on grasshoppers during the grasshopper season, I have seen him feeding at a web of these gregarious caterpillars, so well known to farmers as enemies to apple and other trees, called Fall Web Worms. The King bird does not depend upon secrecy for the safety of his nest, he does not care if it is in plain view, he relies upon his own valor for its protection and is able to drive the largest Hawks and even Eagles flee when he annoys them. The farmer's wife who raises poultry need have no fear of crows and hawks while she has a pair of King birds nesting in her orchard.

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 19 Mar 1891, p.5



## **Solitary Sandpiper**

### **Interesting Story of Bird Life**

**By Jane L. Hine, Sedan, Ind.**

A shore of lake, pond or stream that lies half and half in shade and sunshine suits the solitary sandpiper. In spring I am pretty sure to find him alone at a certain woodland pond. Almost every summer he brings his family to a pond in our orchard about the middle of July. This pond is partially shaded by apple trees.

When I visit the young birds at this pond I cautiously make my way from tree to tree till I reach one that stands near the water. They are still young enough to be tame. The nearest one sets up an uneasy te-e-e-et, but does not go away. He wades about in the shallow water of the shore and feeds a little, but watches me and now and then gives a warning te-e-e-et. His mates go right on with their feeding and play free from all the care.

They often rise on wing a little above the water and chase one another across the pond. On alighting they stand two or three moments with both wings stretched straight upward, their tips meeting above them-such long, slender, white lined wings.

They are forever bowing their heads. Their manner of doing this reminds me of a polite neighbor who, when he bowed, threw his head far backward then brought it forward with a jerk.

As they stand or walk or wade their wings cover them from shoulder to tip of tail like along olive mantle and they are just plain, nodding birds; but let one rise to cross the pond or play with his fellows then the beautiful white tail daintily barred with black, is outspread like a fan, the white linings of his wings are revealed and with his grace of movement in flight, he is changed from the plain bird of the shore to one that is elegant in the air.

Solitary sandpipers usually feed on insects they gather from the surface of the water but not always. One morning-it was the seventeenth of September-several migrating solitary sandpipers were at the orchard pond. There was water all over the bottom but it was at shallow as it could be. Through the half hour that I watched them they did nothing but stand in the water and probe with their bills in the mud beneath it.

That afternoon I found collected at a forest swale a company of about twenty of the birds. The water stood shallow there the same as at the pond. There they were not probing; they waded about and gathered scooting insects from the surface.

They spent much time in play. One bird had a lame leg. He was the most cheerful bird there. He hopped about the brink and got all the insects he wanted. He was as playful as any and often the one to start the chase. As the birds played in the air they flew not with

legs thrown straight backward as our common sandpiper flies, but with legs dangling downwards.

The next day the water was gone and so were most of the sandpipers. Those left were quiet, far apart and hard to find. If I looked away after I had located one I had to find him over again. His olive back, the color of the mud, and white breast made him a hard bird to find when he chose to stand still on that muddy flat.

Most of the solitary sandpipers passed on farther north for breeding, but I have seen them in pairs both at Cedar Lake and Cedar Creek in the month of June and as I have said the young come-and some come regularly each year-by middle of July to our orchard pond.

Source: It appears that it was published in a newspaper; no other information on it. Jean Faulkner of Pleasant Lake owns the original copy. It is old and brittle.  
Transcribed by Terri Gorney.

## **A DeKalb Woman Makes Contribution**

**Mrs. Jane Hine Writes 25,000 word article for pamphlet soon to be issued by Fish and Game Commissioner.**

### **She Tells of the Birds**

**Mrs. Hine has been a Close Student of Natural History**

George W. Miles, newly appointed fish and game commissioner for Indiana has paid to Mrs. Jane Hines, of near Sedan, a glowing tribute for the twenty-five thousand-word article she has contributed for the pamphlet soon to be issued, giving the annual report of the commissioner.

The contribution Mrs. Hine has made deals with birds and bird life, depicting the habits, peculiarities and maneuvers of sixty-eight different species of birds with which she is so familiar in consequence of her life long study of natural history.

Mr. Miles made the statement few days ago that the article written by Mrs. Hine will feature the pamphlet he will issue, and that he is proud that such a worthy and able article will be included in the book. So highly does he value the article that he will use sixty colored illustrations of the birds described along with it.

Mrs. Hines will be kindly remembered by *Courier* readers as having frequently contributed articles to this paper.

A woman of seventy years she yet possesses a powerful mind and by constant study has equipped herself with an extraordinary knowledge of natural history. She loves the birds and in the later years of her life she has tramped through the fields for hours at a time following the flight of birds, watching their mode of living and otherwise acquainting herself with their habits.

Mr. Miles stated also that he expected to greatly reduce the cost of issuing the annual report. Instead of issuing 11,000 copies, he will not issue more than 5,000, thereby greatly reducing the cost to the state.

Source: *The Auburn Courier*, Microfilm Roll 21, 17 Feb 1911, p. 7.



## Woman Assists Miles With Report

George W. Miles, commissioner of fisheries and game, received from the state printer an advanced copy of the annual report of commissioner. It will be deposited in the corner-stone of the Dekalb county courthouse, being erected in Auburn. Mrs. Jane L. Hine, an eighty-year-old resident of Dekalb county, has contributed to the book more than 140 stories of bird life in Indiana, written from personal observation, and for this reason it will be a part of the relics which go into the corner-stone.

The story of Mrs. Hine's life is one of devotion to the winged creatures of Indiana. In a frontispiece of her work in the forthcoming report, which bird lovers all over Indiana are awaiting anxiously, is a poem, entitled "My Birds," from Mrs. Hine's pen. Its symbolism and careful following of the habits of Indiana birds is remarkable according to Mr. Miles.

Pictures of many birds, taken by Mrs. Hine, have been reproduced by Mr. Miles in his report in color gravures. Mrs. Hine is a graduate of Oberlin College. She married a farmer in Dekalb county and always has been a student of Indiana birds. She has contributed more than 25,000 words to the report. A picture of the Hine homestead with a small picture of Mrs. Hine in the foreground is one of the features in the book.

Source: *Francesville Tribune*, Francesville, IN, 3 Aug 1911, p. 2, col. 3

Other newspapers to pick up the story about the "Game and Land Birds of an Indiana Farm" were *Goshen Mid Week News Times*, *Middlebury Independent*, and *Wakarusa Tribune*.

## **The Corner Stone Has Arrived Today**

### **Stone Which Will Grace the Northeast Corner of New Court House Reached This City Today**

**Weights Two and a Half Tons**

**Made the Trip from the Elliott Mill without Receiving a Scratch or a Niche**

The corner stone for the new temple of justice arrived in this city this morning, and has already been introduced to its future home. It is a beauty, weighs two and one-half tons, and journeyed from the Elliott mill at Bloomington without receiving a scratch or a niche in its surface. On the side which will face the north is inscribed the following: "DeKalb county. Laid by the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of F. and A. M. July 27 A.D., 1911.

Source: *The Auburn Courier*, Auburn, IN, 20 Jul 1911, Microfilm Roll 21, p. 1

Editor's Note: *The Game and Land Birds of an Indiana Farm* by Jane L. Hine was placed in the corner stone.

## **Mrs. Hines' Birthday Party**

**Was a Huge Success Despite the Efforts of the Weather Man to Prevent it.**

"He is a fool who thinks by force or will to turn the current of a woman's will," was amply illustrated Wednesday when fifteen ladies willed to defy the weather man and his heavy downpour of rain and started in closed carriages for the home of Mrs. Jane L. Hine in Sedan whither they had been invited to participate in the celebration of the eighty-second birthday anniversary of this highly respected lady. This invitation had been extended to the Ladies' Literary club, of which Mrs. Hine is an honorary member, and Mrs. W. H. McIntyre, a near friend by Mrs. Hine's estimable daughter, Mrs. Nellie Benson, who well knew the great pleasure it would afford her mother and daughter is beautiful to reflect upon.

The dinner was also in charge of the daughter, who was able assisted in serving by Mrs. Ed Wherly, and such a dinner as it was --- a real for-sure country dinner---with every things good to eat that you can think of and then some more good things. Mrs. Hine occupied the place of honor at the head of the table and, at the proper time, a mammoth

birthday cake with eighty-two lighted candles upon. It was brought in and placed before her a present from the L.L. C. How much she appreciated the remembrance can only be realized by those who witnessed her reception of it. The cake was placed upon a large, snow-white plaque and twined with smilux? And daffodils, yellow and green, the club colors. The candles were also green and yellow. After the cake had been cut and all had disposed of a generous piece, the president of the club was called upon who asked the ladies to drink with her to the good health of the hostess of the clear, pure sparkling water, illustrating the life and character of the one whom the....[missing one or two lines] "Here's to our beloved hostess, our own Mrs. Hine:

Here's to her good health, her happiness divine;

Here's to her birthday, her four score and two,

Here's to her long life, so noble and true;

Here's to her great fame, her fortune untold.

Here's to her knowledge, priceless as gold.

Here's to her red breast, her robin and tree;

Here's to her whole big bird family;

Here's to her future, long my she live and be a loved , cherished member of the L.L.C.

Mrs. Hine then presented the club with a valuable relic, a piece of Burr Oak taken from a beaver dam on the Hine farm in 1868, the place being one made by the beavers in constructing their dam, three of which were on the Hine farm. She request that it be placed in the library, curio room. A unanimous vote of thanks was given her for this valuable piece of wood.

The afternoon resolved itself into a general good time, music by Mrs. Dennison and Miss Davis, reading by Mrs. Emanuel and Mrs. Benson. A round table reminiscences conducted by Miss McTighe, pen drawings by Mrs. Willis, song by entire company and—readers may guess the rest for this paper dares not tell all of the entertainment provided and by whom. In the round table talks it was found that eleven ladies who were present had visited Mrs. Hine in June eleven years ago.

The closing climax of the day was one of Mrs. Hine's entertaining and instructive reviews of our harbingers of spring-the robin-and before she had finished everyone had question mark on her sleeve, all of which were able answered by our famous bird woman.

A vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Benson and family for making possible this pleasant day and at four o'clock the carriages were ready for the return home all too soon for everybody.

Mrs. W. H. Crane of Sedan, was also an invited guest.

Source: Auburn? newspaper 2 Apr 1913

Note: Part of Jean Faulkner's collection



## Game and Land Birds of An Indiana Farm

Would you love birds? Would you pause a moment to learn of their sympathies, feel their heart throbs, rejoice with their joys and sorrow with their madness? Would you study their loves and follies, their romances and tragedies, their coming and their going? Would you feel the swinging of the tree limbs, the buoyancy of their wings, the clangor? And the music of their voices, the calling of the farmer to his soil, the mate to her brood, the male to his mate? Then you must read the articles of Mrs. Jane L. Hine, of the little town of Sedan, off up in the northern part of DeKalb county, in "Game and Land Birds of an Indiana Farm," which handsomely illustrated, constitutes the most important part of the bird department in the forthcoming edition of the bi-ennial report of George W. Miles, state fish and game commissioner of Indiana.

And when you have read Mrs. Hine's rare work, you will have learned from a woman who has made birds a life-long study, the legends of the birds which have inhabited an Indiana farm; legends of truth, shorn of technical and scientific terms, yet so sympathetic and so plaintive, so filled with the very heart throbs and love of the feathered hosts themselves, that you feel that you too, like the author, have lived forever with her birds.

The writer, after a delightful trip over six and a half miles of country road spanned on either side by the best farms in northern Indiana, sat down at the feet of Mrs. Hine and heard again her stories of her birds, of the early days of Sedan, once the metropolis of northeastern Indiana, but to-day a struggling little village of a half dozen homes and one little general store. It was an old country mansion of frame, with its board columns, its large rooms and its whiteness somewhat weather beaten. As the writer sat down on the little stoop of the doorway which in winter is turned into a bay window, there came the realization that, indeed, this is a birds' paradise.

After a little, we were escorted out under the maples and the fruit trees in the front yard for one of those chicken dinners which kings and merchants must envy. Who cared for fly crusades or screen doors: That dinner – how many had been spread out there under the trees of that early Indiana farm in the years gone past! "My husband and I were cronies all our lives," she said. "I was his favorite pupil in his school when I was nine and he was courting my sister, and when my sister died, we married and I took care of her three children and my own, but that is just between us."

She is a wonderful woman, is Mrs. Hine. She came out to the gate to welcome us and there, instead of the woman of eighty years that we had thought to meet, was a motherly, pleasant-faced woman that we would have judged to be fifty. Years have set lightly upon her, probably owing to the fact that so much of her time has been spent out-of-doors. "When I had work to do, I came out here under these trees in our yard," she said. "When there were apples to pare and dinner to get ready, I did it here."

The trees are clustered about the rare old homestead. There is a profusion of growth. When we showed the picture of the home to the artist, he took the words from our mouth,

"Let us call it The Bird's Paradise." But, when Mrs. Hine and her husband came to Sedan and purchased their home here, there was not a tree on the little knoll where the house stands. One of the first things they did was to set trees and shrubbery and today it looks as if they were always there.

If Mrs. Hine had been living when the author said, "And God made man in his own image," he would have said "God created this woman in his own image." Although eighty years of age, she has every faculty of a woman of fifty, she is not spry for she is active; she is not old in any sense of the word. It would be a travesty to every mention her memory, her preservation of faculties, for they are so perfect.

Do her articles on the birds offer least suggestion that she is past the summer of life? Yet she has written them at the age of eighty.

As we sat at her feet, she told of her birds.

"Have you noticed," she said, "that there are more birds this year than usual? It is true that they are more plentiful. I see them everywhere, all except the robin. We don't have so many of them in the country any more. They are flocking to the cities."

"Why should that be?" you ask.

"For a robin likes company he likes people and likes to be where there are people, so he is leaving the country for the more thickly populated city."

And so she told of this bird and that one, of those of the past, of her particular bird comrades.

"I like the sparrows, too," she said. "My husband liked them too. People say they only troublesome and do not eat the bugs and insects, but I have seen them killing insects in large numbers. I can't hate the persecuted little English sparrow."

We couldn't help thinking Mrs. Hine fixed up a bit for our visit. We felt that she and her daughter's family, Mr. and Mrs. Benson, who live a short distance up the lane on the old farm, were constantly putting themselves out to entertain us. Mr. Benson drove to Auburn for us and brought us back, and Mrs. Hine got out her manuscript and told us of her aspirations-and then that dinner out under the trees and God's own sky.

Mrs. Hine was born in Madison, O., in the month of April in 1831, and it was in 1861 that she came with her husband, Horatio S. Hine, to Sedan. At that time, Sedan was a struggling little village on the eve of a big boom. The Lake Shore was building its main line through Indiana and Sedan was to be the main city between Kendallville and Butler. Mr. Hine owned all the property about and on the town site. He was absent for a few months when the railroad asked for more of his land and his brothers said that, since he had given the company a right-of-way, it could have no more. The contractors grasped up land to the west and east and so they pulled the company's money to Corunna and



Waterloo, and Sedan, then the main shipping point in northeastern Indiana north of Fort Wayne, became a flag station for slow trains, and so it is today. That is the tragedy of the town of Sedan.

"Mr. Hine did a great deal toward siding the new towns in those days," said Mrs. Hine. "He often purchased grocery stocks and kept men in business. One night my daughter came into the town greatly excited after my husband had retired. "Mamma," she exclaimed "the house is on fire." Mr. Hine was always especially afraid of fires, and so I told her to keep quiet and we would try to put out the flames without awakening him. There we found the fire about the chimney and we did put it out. The next day, we told Mr. Hine, and he grew wonderfully excited. You know those were the days of civil strife and we had folks we feared up north and we had some around Sedan. My husband feared they would break into his store and steal a quantity of gunpowder and, unbeknown to us, he had brought it into the house and secreted it a few feet from the chimney. No wonder he was frightened when he learned of the fire we had had."

Those early days were busy ones for Mr. and Mrs. Hine. They were helpmates and cronies, and he taught her the love of the birds. As her children grew up, she had more time to her birds, and she made them more and more a study. She read about them, studied them in books and learned their ways and sympathies by actual observation. In her home, are numerous books on the feathered tribe, scientific ones worn by: great study and romances of them which she has read with pleasure. Then there are pictures of her birds on the walls, manuscripts of her own on her table and nests in one large room which has numerous other curios of similar nature.

"Game and Land Birds of an Indiana Farm," is a work of literature. A student of the feathered beauties from books and nature she writes of them here, from nature with the aid of scientific knowledge. Commissioner Miles has conserved a rare literary work in his forthcoming report and while literary, it is a true study in comparison with which scientific treatises pale and fade.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Miles, the Journal-Gazette is given the privilege of reproducing her bird stories and we print a few of the little classics here, together with one of her poems.

Her complete work published in the state report includes articles of the following families of birds as she has found them on her farm, a farm which must become famous as "The Birds' Paradise."



## Catalogue of Families

1. Mud-Hens.
2. Shore Birds
3. Quail, Grouse, Turkey.
4. Pigeons.
5. Birds of Prey.
6. Cuckoos.
7. Kingfishers.
8. Woodpeckers.
9. Gadsuckers.
10. Swifts.
11. Tyrant Flycatchers.
12. Crows and Jays.
13. Grackles and Starlings.
14. Finches, etc.
15. Tanagers.
16. Swallows.
17. Waxwings.
18. Shrikes.
19. Vireos.
20. Warblers.
21. Larks.
22. Creepers.
23. Chickadees.
24. Kinglets and Gnatcatchers.
25. Wrens.
26. Mocking Thrushes.
27. Bluebirds.
28. Sylvan Thrushes.
29. Robin.

## My Birds.

No bird that the Lord has created  
Shall come to misfortune through me.  
Not one of my jolly old Robins,  
Though they take the fruit from my tree;

Not one of my silken-clad Blackbirds  
Who nest in the pine that stands near;  
Not one of my little brown House Wrens,  
So saucy, so tame and so dear;

Not one of my sweet gently Bluebirds  
Who come with the first days of spring;  
Not one of my gay Golden Robins –  
Would I wear my Oriole's wing.

Not one of my Quaker-clad Cuckoos,  
Nor my Pewees that home in my shed;  
Not one of my jewel-crowned Kinglets  
Shall adorn a hat for my head.

Not one of my dear little Downies  
Who work in my old apple tree.  
Nor Harries, nor Red-heads, nor Gold-shafts—  
Should their wings make trimmings for me?

Not one of my great stately herons;  
Not one of my reed-loving Rails;  
Not one of my shy Water Witches;  
Not one of my cheerful voiced Quails;

Not one of my beautiful Wax-wings,  
Though they take my cherries I know'  
Not one of the birds God has given me;  
Not even my jaunty old Crow.

Shall have from me aught but kind treatment.  
When He who created them all,  
Would feel both compassion and sorrow  
If even a sparrow should fall.

Jane L. Hine

## **A Few of Mrs. Hine's Stories**

### **Night Hawk and Whippoorwill.**

One evening about five o'clock they told me that a flock of birds were passing over. It was a narrow, loose flock of Night Hawks, so loose that I could count the birds. The beginning of the flock was already lost in the distance, but of the remainder I counted seven hundred and ten. They were coming up out of a neighbor's woodlot where, every year late in August --- usually only a few of them---come to roost a few days.

When I see them coming up out of the woods I hurry over to the pasture pond to watch the as they circle about high above the water for insects in the air. Did you ever, at such a time, look up and observe the stars in their wings?

### **Whippoorwill.**

The first two springs of my life were lived in a house where the Whippoorwills sang on the roof. Perhaps they left their impression, for there is no other bird I love as well as I love the Whippoorwill.

### **Meadow Lark.**

Just back of my father's house was a large, fine honey-locust tree with a spreading top. The twig that tipped the highest, longest branch, so far out that the bird was pictured against the sky, had been chosen by a Meadow Lark as his favorite place for song. When he sang his first song in springs, mother would say "Our Lark has come;" and running to the door, there we would find him on his twig. He came spring after spring. I cannot say how many; then one spring the twig was left empty; and my mother mourned for her Meadow Lark.

### **Robin---The Orchestra of The Robins.**

I would like to relate many things that I have seen of the Robin---of the pair that came bringing between them, one at a time, two half-grown young birds from their disturbed nest to our house; of our old orchard Robin who in a time of drought, manufactured the mud for her midsummer nest by champing road dust in her bill; and other things I have seen; but I wish this story to be about some of the flocks where migrating Robins have collected themselves together.

In my visit to Kentucky from October into July, I saw two Robins, one at a time, while the weather was still warm in December, but no others except two flocks of migrating birds in spring.

March 15. A flock of about fifty male Robins.

March 16. The flock reduced by about half.

March 17. Only a few Robins remaining.



March 22. A flock of about fifty Robins; all females except two or three.

Of our own flocks I will mention only those that have interested me most; the first, of interest chiefly because of its lateness in the spring.

April 20. Many Robins in the big woods. They are pairing. They sing, have their little tilts and, some of them, their battles.

April 21. Robins in pairs and less excitement in the flock.

April 22. Robins still plentiful in the forest. Much singing just before a shower.

Where to what zone, were the mated Robins of that late flock journeying?

My friend, who lives not far distant from this farm, described a flock of Robins that had visited them. The birds of the flock covered their large lawn and extended into a field beyond. I asked her if she thought there were a hundred. "A hundred! There were a thousand if there was one." It was after a shower and the birds were gorging themselves with earthworms.

Late in a day early in April I was finding the first hepaticas of the season. I was so absorbed in my search that I thought of nothing else. Finally I became aware that there was a wonderful singing of Robins in the farther corner of the forest.

There were Robins in the swamp; Robins in the forest trees around it; and, across the road, there were Robins in an orchard. They were so interested in themselves that they were not disturbed when I went under the trees where some of them were sitting. There were forty in the small space about me where they could be counted. And the Robins in that wonderful flock were singing their best.

In an opera, when I was a girl, I listened in the songs sung by the Black Swan; the second best singer in the world at that time. The tones of her voice are with me yet. Her songs were beautiful. I have sat entranced by the music of Thomas' orchestra. That was grand. But the music of that wonderful orchestra of the Robins was -sublime.

### The Bluebirds, The Sparrows, and The Wrens

I have told of the bird-houses my husband made when the House Sparrows came. There were seven or eight small ones behind the house and, on a rustic pale at the front, a large one of two stories and eight rooms.

In the spring a Bluebird came prospecting about the houses; but the Sparrows fussed more and more till he went away. We blamed the Sparrows till we found that the Bluebirds had gone to their two former nesting places in a neighbor's field.

That winter one of the Bluebird's stubs fell over. In the spring he came to our back yard--that time to stay; and he chose himself a house. Though his first brood were raised in the old place, he allowed no Sparrows to enter the house he had chosen for his second nest. Every time they came, there sat the Bluebird on a certain limb he always perched upon.

No matter how great their excitement about the house, he let them alone till one started to go through the door; then, a quiet dive.

After the Bluebirds began their nesting it was understood that they had full possession and, the rest of that summer and all of the next, the Bluebirds, Sparrows and Wrens lived in harmony.

The father Bluebird was the one who carried most of the young birds' excrement far away from the nest; the mother the one who gathered most of the grubs and captured and dressed the most of the beetles for the family—but how the father could chase and catch a butterfly in the air!

The Sparrows until their young ones were old enough for seeds and crumbs, went to the cabbage-patch for cabbage-worms and cabbage-lice and to a neighbor's orchard for long wood-flies they found there. The Wrens sought in the cornices and the wood-pile for spiders and their eggs.

So they lived together and everything went on happily till the third spring; then the greed of grain got hold of the Sparrows and the Wrens. They wanted more houses; they wanted them all; and one day they began to fill them with rubbish. How they did work; how they did hurry! Once, in her excitement, the mother Wren carried a feather the wrong way. Her mate flew at her and chastised her—and all the time how he did sing; the greater the excitement the more and better he sang! The Bluebird sat on his perch and watched. Finally he left the limb. He drove every Sparrow and both the Wrens out of that back yard; and they, the Sparrows and the Wrens went to the eight-roomed house and raised their broods there together.

The next spring a Carolina Wren came into the back yard, but the Bluebird drove him out.

Then came the storms and the cold of the next February, 1895, that there were so severe on the Bluebirds, Phoebe Birds and Hermit Thrushes all through the south. That spring, when the warm days came early in March, I did not see one Bluebird. In April, one lone male came for a few minutes. In May I saw another male, alone. In June, three together, high in the air, uttering their truly, truly, were flying here and there as if lost.

But the Bluebirds and Thrushes—more than the Phoebe Birds I think—have been recovering their numbers and, this October, the voices of the Bluebirds are in the air much as they used to be.

#### Brown Thrush-Brown Thrasher.

“Dig-a-hole”, dig-a-hole, put't-in, put't-in, cover'tup, cover't-up.”

Many years ago, that was the way we translated the Brown Thrush's song. When people first heard it in the spring, they said one to another: “It's planting time.” In those days



they were not far ahead of what was right; but during my long life seasons have changed. Now the Brown Thrasher's first song in spring is not thought of as a call for the planting time, weeks yet in the future.

#### Wood Thrush.

As long as the forest and woods on our farm were anywhere near their virgin state, the Wood Thrushes continued to sing. Their songs were especially fine after a shower; at evening when the dew began to fall; and early in the morning when everything was dripping. Many times at sunrise I have run over to the nearest pair to hear the Wood Thrush sing his morning song.

Once in a close grove of young soft maples, where branches intermingled and foliage was dense, a Wood Thrush came and, only a few feet above my head, sang after song. I learned then that the nearer the singer, the more perfect the song of a birds might appear.

Beside a cattle path near where it crossed a brook I found a Wood Thrush's nest. The bird was sitting within it, though it was late in the day. While I stood looking down upon her she flattened herself, too shy to stir; but flew when I started away. The next day the egg was still in the nest, but the birds were busy about a thorn apple tree that grew at the foot of a perpendicular bank. At evening of the third day the egg was missing from the old nest and must have been moved; for, as I looked down from the brink of the bank I saw four eggs in this new nest. The cup of the old nest was shaped like the half-section of a cocoanut. This one was made of cow's manure and was very thin and tough.

But the woods grew thinner and thinner and the songs of the Wood Thrushes farther and farther apart and less and less perfect till they ceased entirely, and I thought the birds had left off nesting here; but, after more than a year of silence there came a long June rain: then in four different places on our farm there were Wood Thrushes singing.

After that I know that a pair, still and songless, lingered in a certain swamp for nesting; and I know that in fall one bird left the other alone, to take his departure two weeks later.

#### Hermit Thrush.

If on a perch, whether near or distant, I may distinguish the Hermit from any other Sylvan Thrush by the peculiar motion of his tail—a jerk upward, then a very slow droop.

Those birds come to the woods of our farm in two distinct waves; one, I suppose of males; the other, of females. The visits of the first corners are over and the birds gone when those of the second wave arrive.

Hermit Thrushes come in a little companies of three, four, or five; one company in this part of the wood, another in that. The birds of a company are very sociable with each other, but I have never found the different companies mingling together in flocks.



Sometimes the Olive-back Thrushes are here a day or two before the last of the Hermits have gone. Then a company of Hermits and one of Olive-backs may mingle and enjoy their visit together. In the excitement of such a visit they may forget their shyness and come so close that we may learn some things about them—though not new to others, new to us—as that now and then a Hermit, the very youngest, I think may have two thread-like bars across each wing; that both species store food in their gullets to be called up into a gaping bill for a second swallowing—a squirming worm or a berry.

Even from his little company the Hermit separates when in his winter home. In three Kentucky ravines not far apart were three Hermit Thrushes, each one living by himself in his own chosen ravine. All winter each had his hermit-like life. On April 5<sup>th</sup> the three birds were together and very gay. April 7<sup>th</sup> was the last day of their stay in that part of Kentucky.

### Olive-Back Thrush

Olive-back Thrushes are among our latest spring visitors. They are free with their whit, whit, and begin to sing before they leave us.

After the Hermits left Kentucky I watched for the Olive-backs; but they did not come. Instead Alace's Thrush- a variety of the same species-came in flocks. In every brushy border of every wood they were running about in what seemed to me more like droves than flocks. They became less and less after the second day till there were but few at last. They were there from May 7<sup>th</sup> till May 22<sup>nd</sup>.

### Wilson's Thrush-Tawney Thrush-Vera

One day in June my son invited me for a walk. He said I would need my boots. He took me to a swamp at the farther part of the farm. He parted the dense thicket of bushes at the border and we looked into what seemed more like a grotto than like a swamp. Soft maple trees grew up, each out of its own knoll., from a watery floor. My son assisted me to leap from knoll to knoll till we were within the beautiful place-so roomy, yet so shady; so cool and so sweet-and that was the Vera bird's home.

Then I invited my son to go with me for a twilight visit to another swamp that also had its pair of Tawney Thrushes. Low on the slope that led to the swamp were a certain scrubby tree that I know the bird had chosen as a favorite place for singing. We waited under the tree and when the twilight deepened and other birds were still, the Vera came and sang a few stanzas of his goodnight song-not grand and soaring like the Wood Thrush's song, but most sweet, and so tremulous that it seemed to rain down upon us and about us like a gentle shower of melody.

## The Thicket and the Quail

There are many thickets in and about the woods of our farm, but the nearest is the one I visit most. It is a hedge-row along an old rail fence that divides a field from the woods. This thicket is very dense. Its saplings and bushes are woven though and through with grape vines. I find a fence-corner within a thicket a good place to hid from the little animals and birds that live there. I often creep under the vines and seat myself on the ground by this fence.

I love to watch the track of a wood-mouse making his hidden way under the matted leaves close before me.

I love to watch a rabbit when, without hurry or fear, he sits on his haunches and washes his face with his paws.

The little red squirrels seem not to know me from a part of the fence. They often run back and forth on the rails I lean against. Once one stopped and rested on my shoulder.

The little chippie thinks I have no business there and scolds, yet goes on with his work.

Once a sitting Grouse, in a feverish hurry to get back to her eggs, ran cluck, cluck, clucking along as a sitting hen does when away from her nest.

Unusually the quail find me out and are off with a whirl though they have passed me without suspecting that I was there. There is nothing in the thicket that I like quite so well as the low murmuring chatter of an approaching brood of Quail.

Not far from the thicket, in tuft of tall grass in a fence corner, I found a Quail's nest with twenty-one eggs. Jim, our head, sawyer, who knew "everything" about small animals and birds, told me that young quail brooding under the mother's wings, always sit with heads outward ready for a spring. Little plies of excrement tell the same story about coveys of roosting quail.

One fall all the quail of our vicinity left us. Companies of them were seen "fussing to get across the St. Joseph river." I neither saw nor heard a Quail until the next October, and then only one lone male Bob White as he walked quietly pasted me in the thicket. The next spring and not until then, they were here the same as ever.

There is no note of bird that cheers me more than the Quail's clear Bob White; O! Bob White! On a sweet misty morning.

## Ruffed Grouse.

I rode with my husband on the farm sled to a half cleared marsh that lay between two dense little forests. It was a brilliant frosty morning in February. There had been a tough crust on the snow. The frost on the crust made it easy to track the birds.



There were trails that led from places where Ruffed Grouse had been sleeping. One of the trails led to a sort of roof formed by lodged and matted sword grass. Under this roof the excrement of the birds proved that more than one night had been spent there. Another similar roof showed the same. One Grouse had roosted in a brush heap thickly woven through and through and a partially thatched with tall dry grass. His droppings all in one place showed that he had long roosted there and always on one spot on the same low limb. From the marsh we rose on to the big woods. There I tracked a Grouse to his retreat under the bend of a fallen log. Another had chosen a snug little cave under an up-turned tree root.

The next morning at ten o'clock the hen was away with her chickens. Every shell was empty. The cap of each was held to its base by about a quarter of an inch of its lining, which was extremely tough-held as by a hinge.

In a retired place where people seldom went, but where cattle kept a well worn path, a Grouse had her nest on the top of an old stump so near the path that between the stump and the fence there was only room enough for a good-sized steer to pass. The stump was red and soft with decay. The bird was well hidden by the blending of her own colors with those of the stump, and the bleached leaves in her nest.

I walked quietly on, trying to make it appear that I did not see her. The next morning I did the same and she kept her nest. But the third time was too much for the poor bird. She sprang off with a wailing cry that she kept up as she went farther and farther into the woods. The wail was like that of another when she has lost her child.

### Wild Turkey

A poor woman, wishing to show me a favor, presented me with the wing of a Wild Turkey shot on our farm a few days before. Not many weeks later the woman died-just about the same time that Richmond was taken in 1864.

### Passenger Pigeons.

It was in the spring of either 1853 or '54 that the whole strip of country along the shore of Lake Erie from Erie to Cleveland was for two or three weeks alive with Passenger Pigeons. They produced a panic among farmers. They swarmed in oat fields recently sown and took the seed from the ground. They came into barns for grain. When one company went with full crops another came. They were so fearless that a boy with a club

One evening I watched a mother Grouse as she tried to coax her chickens to a roost on a low limb. The chickens were obstinate. The hen would call and call coax them back with her; she tried and tried until it was too dark to try longer, then went with her chickens.



On the seventh day of May I was starting home from a long walk, when, on a pretty wooded slope, I found a spring. I seated myself on the grass for a little rest, a Wood Pewee had arrived and I tarried to watch him.

All at once there came a clap of thunder. I wheeled to my knees to gather the trilliums. As I wheeled, oft flew a Grouse from her nest right within reach from the spot where I had been sitting.

There was a bend in the trunk of a dogwood about a foot above the ground. Under this sheltering bend was the nest. I counted twenty round, buff-colored eggs. I visited that part of the wood often, and always found the bird sitting until the twentieth day, then she was off her nest. Her eggs were all there and none of them was pipped. It was four o'clock in the afternoon.

We soon knocked over enough of them for a dinner. We feasted on pigeon pie until reports came that farmers near Erie were laying poison for the birds. This army of Pigeons came upon us all at once and left as suddenly as it came-left without leaving a straggler behind.

There were no Passenger Pigeons here when we came in 1861, but our neighbors told us of immense flocks that not very long before, would overshadow woods and farms like a cloud as they flew back and forth between their roost at the Haw Patch and their feeding grounds on the St. Joe river.

### Black-Billed Cuckoo

Before swamps were drained and lakes lowered these birds were very plentiful, I have found them so numerous at willow-grown borders of lakes that the whole grove appeared to me like a city peopled with Vera Birds and Black-billed Cuckoos. On our farm I used to see them taking food from soft maples as often as from willows. And I found that a favorite place for their nest was the back of an old arched elder bush which, with its upright twigs, gave the platform and support they needed.

Once in drawing such a bush closer I broke over one of the supporting twigs. Where were for eggs. Two days later the birds moved them to a new nest they had made in a grape vine. I had seen enough to make me certain that both birds took part in the moving.

It now seems to me a long time since I have seen a Black-billed Cuckoo on our farm.

### Cat-Bird

I never heard any song from the Cat Bird other than his native musical lingo; then, out from the middle of a swamp, came the song of a Whippoorwill. It was early in the afternoon of a bright day. I knew it could be no Whippoorwill singing there in the

sunshine. I watched till the Cat Bird came into sight and continued to watch till, more than once, I saw him as he sang the Whippoorwill song. I was born with the Whippoorwills, and the song, as sung by the Cat Bird, seemed as familiar as when sung by the Whippoorwill himself. I visited that spot often through the season when Cat Birds sing. That one was free with his Whippoorwill song and he sang no other. If that Cat Bird lived and returned next spring, he had forgotten the song.

A Cat Bird's nest I found in a hedge-row by the roadside was a slight affair made within a piece of wrapping paper that the bird had thrust down into the crotch of an oak sampling. Its lining, though scant was as usual, made of rootlets.

I was taken to an apple tree to see a Cat Bird's nest. It was in a crotch high in the tree and, as we saw it from below, looked like a Robin's nest; but the Cat Bird was there and proved that she owned it. The orchard was beside a berry patch. The inference was that the bird wished to be near the berries but thought the field, with all its busy pickers too public a place for her nest.

In a beautiful spot under soft maple trees two blackberry bushes vined up together from a mossy knoll. The Cat Bird's nest there had a platform of moss about as large as a man's hand, that was spread from the rim of the nest upon the bushes before it. It looked to be, and the place it was cut from in the bank below proved it, a perfect parallelogram.

### The Crow's Roost

My husband was as proud of our Crow's roost as an Englishman is of his rookery. One evening, after perhaps half the flock were collected, I counted over six hundred as they came across country to the roost. That was many years ago; the flock is now greatly reduced.

### Our Blue Jays

There was a famine in our woods-no nuts of any kind for birds and squirrels to gather for their winter supplies. All our squirrels left us that fall and I could not find that one was seen again in our neighborhood until they came migrating back early in March. Late in November all kinds of our winter birds began to gather about us. Even the shy Red-bellied Woodpecker left the forest and took his abode as near our house as he dared.

A family of six Blue Jays made things lively. Their home was in the nearest woods, but from the first peep of day until late in the afternoon one or another, or all six would be missing in the morning when the hens were fed from the breakfast table. The Jays would gather and carry away as fast as they could while the food lasted-they could eat later. One, would stand with scraps of griddle cakes protruding from his bill at sides and tip, then look about with great concern because he was unable to carry more.



We lashed an ear of corn to a limb close before a window of our sitting room. A Jay would alight on the tree, hop, hop, hop, from limb to limb down upon the ear, work off kernel after kernel, until his gullet and mouth could hold no more, then fly away and deposit them. His place of deposit might be the littered crotch somewhere—most anywhere. It seemed to me—on the ground about the lawn or orchard; but many times he would fly away with his load, “straight as the Crow flied,” to his home in the woods.

It was remarkable how those birds remembered their places of deposit. More remarkable still was the instinct by which they were able to find them even when smoothly covered with snow. Perhaps right in the middle of the lawn, or on a saw log in my husband's mill yard, a Jay would light, hop, hop, hop, through the snow, open his bill wide and with right and left strokes flirt his way top his hidden store—and he never failed to bring up the thing he expected to find.

My husband and sons often brought sticks of wood that held dormant grubs or ants. The Hairy Woodpecker always was first with the ants, the Blue Jay with the grubs. Though every Jay was in the woods a quarter of a mile away, put out a grub and one would be there directly. A Jay picks a kernel of corn into small bits as he eats it, but a great grub slips down at one swallow.

Our Jays knew when they had enough. We had allowed no lack of corn, yet, when about the middle of February they left us to remain in the woods, six ears had supplied the six Jays during that winter of scarcity.

For several winters we put out corn. Sometimes they were glad for an ear or two, but when acorns and beech nuts were at all plenty they cared nothing for it—and we became careless.

Then there was a winter, when, much of the time, the ground was covered with ice. The next spring only one Jay was left in our neighborhood. He remained alone and unmated all the following year.

Last winter, an icy one, the birds were fed. Four ears of corn were enough for three Jays. This time it was placed on the roof of a bay window. A window of my sleeping room looks out upon this roof. Often a jay standing on the still would be peering through the pane to watch me as I dressed.

### Bobolink

In the spring of 1884, while visiting friends ten miles to the west, we saw Bobolinks. They were new birds there the year before. The next year a pair summered two miles west of us. In 1886, we had them on our farm. According to reports their progress east was about four or five miles each year. A middle-aged man has told me that there were Bobolinks on the Steuben openings when he was a boy.



## Orioles

I went to the door one spring morning and there on the flowering currant bush was an Orchard Oriole taking his breakfast from the blossoms. Then, one day in summer, the Golden Robin flew past me like a streak of gold. Those were our first Orioles. It was the year of 1853.

I saw a dance performed by two male Orchard Orioles. Within an angle of our house are two large flowering currant bushes that stand close together like a hedge, and just beyond is the grape arbor. As nearly as they could the birds kept about a foot apart and hopped from twig to twig as if keeping time to music. They danced side by side through and through the bushes, then went dancing down the vines of the arbor.

I was invited to see a bird's nest. It proved to be an Orchard oriole's and was as unique as the dance. A cup tested on the limb of a small young apple tree and was held in place by three woven chains made fast to a limb about ten inches above it.

For several years all the nests of the Baltimore Oriole that I found, and many that my friends brought and sent to me, were made of a wild flax. At first they looked like woven hay, but when seasoned the nests looked like flax when wound on the staff. After awhile, now and then, a nest would be woven of horse hair or twine, and soon there were no more flaxen nests.

I have a beautiful nest that its woven entirely of black horse hair except one thread of coarse black twine that embroiders it.

Every spring I scatter threads of twine and hang out skeins in trees. It is surprising how much twine the birds will take if it is provided for them.

## Crow Blackbird-Bronzed Grackle

My husband called, "Jane the Blackbirds are thick in the field by the pit. Ride over and find what they are doing."

One section of the fallow field and part of the adjoining pasture were black with the birds-old and young. A few, belated in nesting, were carrying food. As they flew over from the feeding ground I could see that from each hill grub was hanging.

A fine colony of Blackbirds come every year to our evergreens. Once while the Blackbirds were nesting in the upper branches of the pine, the Blue Jays raised their brood in a lower one, a Chipping Sparrow's nest was opposite the Jay's and the maple that held the Robin's nest was only twelve paces away.

Two seasons we had an Albino: a handsome pied bird with more white than black. Her nest was the highest one of the old pine and there was no finer bird in the colony than her mate.

At a lake where shooting was not allowed the Blackbirds came right into our camp for places of bread, even while some of us were sitting there. And I saw a Green Heron trotting along an open shore only a few rods away from a noisy group on a cottage porch.

### Rusty Grackle.

#### The Orchestra of the Blackbirds.

This orchestra is in session only when flocks of Rusty Grackle are with us. its opera is the trees; its music like instrumental music.

Once when a flock of none but Rusty Grackle had been singing in the distance I found that while busy, and only half conscious of the music, I had all the while felt that I was in the neighborhood of falling water.

The soft "wallare-e-wallare-e-eks" when blended together in a flock of none but Rusty Grackle may be likened to the voices of merry mothers singing a fireside song; but let the music be joined by the tenor-like tones and clear whistles of the Red-wings and the emphatic notes of the larger Grackle, then it is music by the orchestra, and the larger the orchestra the finer the music.

#### Prairie Horned Lark-Shore Lark

Once a pair must have nested on our farm, for when we saw the young birds they could not have been long from the nest. That was the only time we have had reason to suppose that they bred here; but, on any summer, go five miles farther north, ride along on east and west road, and one may find them averaging as numerous as most other birds.

A few of the birds stop in our fields and may tarry until late in December; then in February a few stragglers are likely to be here; but the regular time of migrating is later.

On a walk early in March I came under a path in the air that the migrating Shore Larks were taking. They were high, but not too high to be counted, as company after company of three, four or five birds passed over;; one company, then in a few minutes, another. I walked on and saw no more Larks till, on returning a half hour later, I found the birds still going over in the same line of travel.

I once saw the same thing in migrating Bluebirds. Most of the companies of Blue birds were too high to be counted, but I could hear their notes as they passed over.

Source: *The Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette*, 6 Aug 1911, p. 15-16



## **More Indiana Bird Stories From a Plain Country Woman, Mrs. Jane L. Hine of Sedan**

Eventually, Mrs. Jane L. Hine, the writer of the delightful bird stories compiled under the heading of "Game and Land Birds of an Indiana Farm," for State and Game Commissioner George W. Miles' bi-ennial report, has left in that work most interesting data for the bird lover, it is her hope to eventually give to the country a bird book from her own pen, containing all the wealth of knowledge and intimate acquaintance of her four score years with birds in this state.

Mrs. Hine is very active for one of half her age and takes a great interest, not only in her birds, but in club work. She is a member of one of Auburn's women's clubs and has been active in that work. She, until recent years, was in great demand at country farmers' institutes over the state, where she delivered lectures on birds and spread the gospel of "the birds, the farmer's best friends."

Following are a few more of her pleasing bird observations, written in her own adaptable way:

### **House Sparrows**

I had heard about English sparrows and what a pest they were. When a little company came to us I did not know them. I thought them pretty birds and they sang "Cheer, cheer, cheer." In a few days I learned what they were—and I hated them. Then they yelled "Jim, Jim, Jim."

My husband loved birds too well to hold prejudice against any, and he made them houses.

### **Snow Bird**

Plenty in spring and fall; rain visits in winter. A snow bird cowers with cold when a Chickadee sings his best song.

A Kansas friend says their (western) snow birds most in little companies about the base of wild sunflower stalks---Always heads outward.

### **Song Sparrow**

Every winter there is likely to be one here, another there, leading a hermit-like life in some close, grass-grown brush heap. He comes out only in the warmest, sunniest days.

### **House Wren**

"Jane, the cat's at the wrens!" My husband's lantern was lighted in a moment. We saved one young wren that night and the father was here in the morning. I put a soft cloth in the



bottom of the basket and tucked it down, smooth and trim, so that the bird might have no chance to get entangled. As soon as it was hung on the limb of a tree, the father came and, when I saw it an hour later, had a corner of the cloth brought over and the naked little bird within it as within a house. I cared for the little patient every night and when it rained; the little patient did the rest; and I saw them when he carried the well-fledged young wren away from the basket.

We were sorry to lose a single wren; we had been so long in getting them. Our farm had been cleared and cultivated later than neighbors, and we found that a house wren likes a "well-seasoned" homestead.

Our first house wren was a bachelor. Two seasons he lived without a mate. The third spring he begun as soon as he came, to carry rubbish to the old teapot that was fastened under the eaves—plenty of rubbish with sticks protruding through the entrance. One morning about ten o'clock his mate came---came hungry, and gathered her breakfast while he rejoiced.

The mother had the rubbish arranged into the nest and I knew they were successful with their first one that year, as I watched the parents while they encouraged, one after another, six young wrens into flight.

The next year we had houses for the birds; but I shall not relate the history of the houses and the further history of the wrens till I write "The Story of the Bluebirds."

#### The Humming Birds in the Lilac Bushes

One day late in May my son discovered a humming bird at work upon her nest. His drew for me a map of the locality by which I easily found the spot. It was well into the depths of the eighty-acre forest. The saddle was already made and the nest brought up to a level with the upper aids of the limb. It was placed beyond the middle of a long, slender maple branch about fifteen feet above the ground.

The bird always followed the same direction when she went for material. Oftener than otherwise she returned laden to her nest in thirty-nine seconds from the time she left it---now and then more, once ninety seconds.

On the two days following her work was the same as on the first. Occasionally she took a vacation for food and rest, but the vacations were short.

On the fourth day, soon after noon, the cup was complete and the bird was carrying silk and lining it. For this material she would be gone about as long again as for that of the outside.

On the fifth day she was sitting. I found my bird in trouble. Another female humming bird was trespassing. The aggressor would hover over the nest; swoop back and forth above it like a pendulum; alight with a tantalizing gesture close beside it, or with a squeal

dart under it; and each time she came near would get driven away by the sitting bird. Twice I saw her rob the nest, once of lichens from the outside, once a bill full of silk from the lining. The poor mother came back to her eggs as often as she was disturbed. After watching the constant conflict for more than two hours I left them still battling. The next day I found the nest deserted.

During all these thirteen days I did not once see a male humming bird in the vicinity of the nest. It was the female which did all the labor of nest making and incubation and which, as long as she could, valiantly defended her eggs and property.

In my chosen seat I was not more than twenty-five feet from the nest and entirely unhidden, yet the bird gave no more attention to me than she might had I been a part of the tree I leaned against.

I once saw a female humming bird gather lichens from the trunk of a beech tree. She held herself poised before it, darting upon it again and again, until she had in her bill all that she wished to carry.

About nine o'clock one spring morning when lilacs were in bloom we discovered that the old lilac bush by the well was "swarming" with humming birds just come, we knew they were not there a few minutes before. There are five large lilacs on our lawn and that of a near neighbor. I found four of the bushes "alive" with the humming birds all females. The fifth bush, a Persian, was not favored by them. The Persian lilac, later in blooming than the common kind, had just gained its blossoms. The bush was glorious in its great clusters, but its flowers were not yet ripe enough to suit the humming birds.

Besides all those feeding from the lilacs there were birds in the air constantly coming and going from bush to bush.

I spent much time standing within one of those bushes. The birds seemed not in the least disturbed by my presence. There were seldom less than ten and often there were as many as fifteen of them about me in that bush. Every now and then one would alight, sometimes only to rest, sometimes to clear her long tongue of pollen by passing it back and forth through her bill. Twice a male came but both times was driven away by the females.

Toward evening, soon after four, the flock, apparently undiminished in numbers, disappeared as abruptly as it had appeared in the morning.

On the following day the Persian lilac was in its native purple, but the beauty was gone from the other four bushes; their flowers were a dull copperas color.

Once again I fell in with a wave of migrating humming birds. Those were in the eighty acre forest, and this time, all males, and not in a close flock, though plentifully spiced through the forest.



Once in one of my rambles I stopped to talk with a friend in her garden. A stalk of double velvet marigold, broken over the day before, dropped upon the ground. I supposed decay had set in, yet as the flowers were still bright, I carried them with me. While pausing to watch something in a cornfield a humming bird, leaving the corn blossoms, came and leisurely fed from the marigolds in my hand. She inserted her bill between the outer petals of the flowers.

A humming bird hovering and apparently feeding on some invisible thing in the vicinity of dead, bark-checked branches, may be a common thing to see.

Once, September 15<sup>th</sup>, I saw four humming birds together. Two were females---one a young bird, I thought one old and one young male. The outer tail feathers of the young male were not tipped with white, otherwise, in shape of tail and all, he was like the females.

A few days ago I stood in the door with a red scarf on my head. A humming bird, attracted by the color, came and hovered close to my face. My experiences with the fearlessness of the humming bird are many.

### Chimney Swift

When a pair or two of chimney swifts were nesting in our chimney they went out every night soon after midnight and were gone about half an hour. Both as they went out and came in there was a quick rumble that made it seem that they were feeding as soon as out, and asleep as soon as in.

The same thing occurred in October when I was sleeping for a week in a guest chamber by the chimney where the swifts were roosting. It was the 10<sup>th</sup> of the month when I heard them last. I have seen them at home on the same date.

A pair of swifts fastened their nest to a board partition in a wagon shop. One day I saw one of the birds come in through the window and fasten himself to the partition with a low call, at which the bird on the nest rose and he slid upon the eggs.

### Wood Pewee

We are on most intimate terms with our wood pewees. As they watch for food they like to perch on the wire fence before the house, or on the clothes line behind it. Our house fronts up into a grove of large trees almost a forest---with an orchard in the rear. This pair of pewees spends much more time in the orchard than in the grove, and they make their nests there.

I have found it difficult to know what a wood pewee will do about his nest. Will it be high or low? How and of what will it be made? I have seen the bird making its nest in a fork of a tip top branch of one of the tallest of our forest trees away up in the sky while the nest made each year in our pear tree is so low that I can easily reach it.



Once, and once only, I found this pewee's nest saddled about midway on a horizontal limb. In shape and position it was like an overgrown nest of the humming bird. The wall of this nest was built up of moss, just as it was pulled from the ground, with plenty of earth about the roots. All other nests I have found have been in forks of horizontal branches. If in a fork, the first thing the bird does is to weave a bridge of web across the open side of the triangle back and forth, back and forth, goes her head as she weaves.

The nests in our pear tree have varied in thickness and warmth. One year it was thin, slightly hollowed shelf, stiff with starch. It looked like scalloped sea shell tucked point first into the fork. Another year a little thicker and warmer. Last year it was like a mug made entirely of white, fluffy cotton held together by invisible strips of grape vine bark. The nest was belted by a strip of pale blue tissue paper woven in and out through the cotton as a mother weaves ribbon through loops in her baby's cap. The work was perfect, the ribbon straight, the loops an even distance apart. The outside of the nest measured a half finger from base to rim, but it was made shallow by a deep bed of pine needles we have a white pine and the bird always uses more or less of the needles for linings.

I think that the nest of the wood pewee must be shallow to accommodate their manner of feeding. They are shy about going near their young while they be helpless in the nest, yet in the pant of rapid feeding, as when a thunder shower is rising, one may watch their ways. They drop the insect to the young bird as they pass the nest without pausing in their flight. In such a panic the female receives some help from the male the singer.

Wood pewees use their wings for everything they do. I have seen the pair copulate in the air. The codling moths, since those pewees came, have decreased until we find no more of their larvae in our apples.

### Cardinal Grosbeak

In the spring of 1885 I had glimpses of a red bird off in the bushes of a swamp. The next spring I saw him plainly as he flew across an upland corner of the woods. This was the first free cardinal I had ever seen. I had thought the caged bird beautiful, but it was nothing like this one, that seemed to flash as he flew. The third spring I heard him sing once and only once. After a very dry time in August I explored the swamp and there in its midst was the cardinal and his mate.

The cardinals increased. We began to see them in winter, and they sang more and more each year.

In Kentucky the birds had a winter song that was rarely sung, a song I never heard except in winter and only in Kentucky. But in spring how those Kentucky cardinals did sing. The best singer had a series of notes that seemed (and was) an accompaniment to their song a che-che-che-che-che" which they produced straight along, without rise or fall, while their true song soared gloriously above it. I have seldom heard this accompaniment from our more northern birds, and never until recently.

June 5<sup>th</sup>. A cardinals' nest in a blackberry bush. As I looked down upon it a brown young cardinal fluttered out and away. A cowbird's egg was in the nest – a fresh one.

July 14<sup>th</sup>. The cardinals' second nest; just beyond their first, near the top of a tall bush.

August 28<sup>th</sup>. The cardinals showed uneasiness when I approached the swamp a little beyond their second nest. The male was restless and silent, but the female sang – “ho-ra-tio”, hor-ra-tio” and she sang it well. Once her mate brought food and fed her. After awhile she came to a grape vine that was near the place where I sat, and I saw that she went upon the nest.

The next day, that nest was deserted; but the birds worried and the female sang as I came near a place farther along the border of the swamp. I believed the pair had moved their eggs. The excitement of the birds and the song of the female lasted about two weeks.

By climbing a trifle I got the abandoned nest. The bird had found a cluster of three large, overlapping, skeletonized oak leaves, and had fastened the web-bound stems into one side of her nest. The leaves had been warped into a curve just right to form a canopy. Under this beautiful lacy canopy the cardinal sat while brooding her eggs.

I stood admiring the unique nest as I held it in my hand Ah-h-h-! Away went the nest a White cloud had risen and met me, and the cloud was like fire to my hands and face. But the mites, too small to be seen singly, did not approve of me and in a few moments were gone. No wonder the poor bird had to move.

Source: *The Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette*, Sunday, 13 Aug 1911, p. 9, col. 1-7

## A Family of Feathered Friends

By Mrs. Jane L. Hine, Sedan

I refer to the group containing thrushes and bluebirds.

A shadowy, wooded dell with a murmuring brook is a model home for the Wood Thrush. He feeds much about old logs, against which fallen leaves have accumulated and formed a deep mold. He wears colors that match bleached leaves and logs red with decay. The Wood Thrush is one of the finest singers in the world. If at any time he favors you with his best song, bow your head and listen reverently, for his flute-like melody seems to take one into the presence of Nature's Great Creator. Wilson's Thrush inhabits swampy or low, bushy woodlands. His song is weird, tremulous and sweet. The Hermit and Olive-backed Thrushes pause in their migratory journeys each spring and fall, and sojourn with us awhile. All these sylvan thrushes—highly gifted in song, clothed, in modest colors, shy and retiring, content with low, short flittings—are fond of wild fruits, but live chiefly upon insects and their larvae obtained from forest mold.

Source: *The Forty-Second Annual Report of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture*, V. 34, 1892-1893, p. 555

164. *Contopus borealis* (Swains). Olive-sided Fly-Catcher.

A rare migrant, may possibly breed in the northern part of the State. Has been reported but once from the southern part of the State, Wheatland, Knox County, May 12, 1885. (Ridgeway) Mr. Ruthven Deane has noted it at English Lake, and Mrs. Jane Hine at Sedan, Dekalb County.

166. *Empidonax flaviventris* Baird. Yellow-bellied Fly-Catcher.

A regular migrant, but not in any numbers. Breeds in the northern part of the State occasionally, Dekalb County. (Mrs. Jane L. Hine) Several shot in Lake County July 23, 1887. (Coale)

Source: Indiana Horticultural Society, 1890, Report of the Thirtieth Annual Meeting, Indianapolis, IN, p. 63



## **DeKalb County's Ornithological Expert and Historian**

### **The Faithful Friend of the Birds---Her Life's Study**

#### **On April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1912, Mrs. Jane L. Hine Reaches the 81<sup>st</sup> Milestone of Her Journey Through This Life**

Mrs. Jane L. Hine, one of the old settlers of DeKalb county, will celebrate her eighty-first birthday on Tuesday, April 2<sup>nd</sup>. There is no better known woman in DeKalb county—in fact, she is of national prominence.

Mrs. Hine has become noteworthy on account of her study of birds. She has always been a student of nature, and when her family had been reared to the place and point when she could devote her energies to her favorite theme—birds—she has given herself religiously to the study of the habit and customs of the winged and feathered flying animals. Her articles and poems on the many and varied birds are regarded as classics. Thirty-five years of her life has been spent in the close and applied study of the bird and its surroundings. Both short and long articles and poems from her pen have been used by innumerable papers and included in text books and state records as authority on natural science. She has been called upon by both state and nation for ornithological reports and any data required in state and government records as pertaining to northern Indiana are always referred to her and her approval is frequently sought on matters concerning birds.

Thus one can appreciate her valuable experience and the reliance placed upon her knowledge. One can safely say she is the last word on that branch of zoology that pertains to the natural history of birds and their classification.

'Twas but last summer she made a collection of short descriptive articles of the birds of "Our Farm," which State Commissioner of Fish and Game George Miles included in his annual report. Those who were present in Auburn at the laying of the corner stone of DeKalb county's new court house will remember that an advance copy of her articles was furnished especially by the state to be placed among the souvenirs and relics in the corner stone.

Mrs. Hine, during the passing winter, has been writing a series or collection of articles on "Water Birds." Another production of the winter months was a poem entitled "One Shell," which she recited from memory at one of her home societies:

## *One Shell*

What is one tiny shell  
Brought adrift on the shore  
To the great bed of marl  
It is one shell more.  
That the waves bring the shells  
If but one at a time  
For each is an atom of purest lime.

What is one grain of sand  
Washed ashore by the sea?  
Were there no single grains  
Could the sands then be?

Let the waves bring the grains  
One by one to the strand;  
Ne'er granules too many  
Of clean, pure sand.

What is one single leaf  
To a forest of trees?  
Or a daisy's perfume  
To a wafting breeze?  
What is one blade of grass?  
Or a globule of dew  
Ne'er units too many  
Of things good and true

What am I among men?  
Just an atom, one soul;  
But an atom of yeast  
May quicken the whole.  
Then let my heart be free  
From all selfish alloy.  
Alive with the leaven  
Of Love, Peace and Joy.

Her wonderful rendition of her many compositions from memory has fairly startled her hearers in times past, some quite lengthy and of deepest meaning. Auburn clubs have been favored many times by her readings and her wonderful memory and the thoroughness of her subjects' preparation have been revelations and a treat.

What a wonderful mind, how beautiful it is to know of the lives of the little messengers of the air as on their flight they bring and take the season, add a fever and thrill in sight and soul, and add so materially to shifting of life's scenes. To us the winter has seemed long and cold—not so to Mrs. Hine, for she has communion with the birds—she has the thoughts of them as companions in the quietude of her study. There is no staring through the frosted pane upon the expanse of snow and a seeming wilderness and desolation for her in the winter's dreary season—she has the birds to think of, to watch for, to care for--ever thinking of their welfare, and with food for them scattered in usual and accustomed places. In conversation with the Courier correspondent at Sedan, the statement was made: The winter has been a long cold one and as she sits in her room she thinks of her birds and has corn placed where they can always find it. She misses the arrival of the early spring birds. Once or twice a robin has hopped around in front of her windows, but even the robins do not stay. She has not been able to go anywhere this winter., yet she has been cheerful and happy. She has received many descriptive letters and numerous postal cards, and these, with her callers, have relieved the monotony of the long winter.”

Congratulations Mrs. Hine, on the natal day---your 81<sup>st</sup> birthday. Would that we could wish many many happy returns of the day. You have occupied a niche in DeKalb's Halls of Fame that will be hard to fill—your life has been an inspiration and a blessing to the student and the lovers of nature---a source of joy to your friends, and your name will always stand for a life of thought, study, devotion, usefulness and an example. Again on behalf of your many friends. Congratulations.

Source: *The Auburn Courier*, 4 Apr 1912, Microfilm Roll 21, p. 5



## **Mrs. Jane Hine Honored**

### **Received Invitation from Mrs. Woodrow Wilson**

Mrs. Jane Hine, mother of C.L. Hine of Edon, had a distinguished honor thrust upon her by receiving an invitation to the president's summer home. The following particulars are copied from the *Auburn Dispatch* of September 11.

Mrs. Jane Hine of Sedan was surprised last Saturday to receive a personal letter from Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the president of the United States, inviting her to attend a costumed bird party at the summer home of the president at Cornish, New Hampshire, on Friday, September 12.

The daughters of the president take a leading part in the function. Mrs. Wilson is one of the officials of the Audubon society and has made bird study one of her occupations.

It's rare compliment that Mrs. Hine has received and the letter no doubt will find a place among the souvenirs that Mrs. Hine has gathered in the many years of her life.

On account of her age and feeble conditions it will be impossible for her to make the long journey. Among all bird students and lovers Mrs. Hine is known as a woman who has studied birds in their native haunts and has given to the world the result of her personal observation of the habits of the "birds of the air."

Source: *Edon Commercial*, Edon, Ohio, Friday, September 26, 1913

In the collection of Jean Falkner of Pleasant Lake, Indiana

.....Mrs. Jane Hine, of Sedan, Indiana, wrote me in 1892, that the first Bobolinks appeared near Kendallville, Noble County, in 1883. She saw them there the next year, June 4, 1894. In 1885 they appeared two and half miles east of the DeKalb and Noble County line. In 1886, at Sedan, two miles farther east, she saw three males that spring. There were more of them in 1887 and increased after that. In 1888 the people of a neighborhood six miles east of Sedan were telling of their new bird, the Bobolink. Mr. McCord, who has been much upon the Auburn and Fort Wayne road, saw his first Bobolink in 1887.

Source: Proceedings of the Indiana Academy of Science, 1896, Editor C.S. Waldo, p. 230-231.

## Thanks from Mrs. Hine

We Can Not Improve On This Communication

Auburn, Ind, April 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Mr. McIntyre:

My mother wishes me to write to you and express her gratitude for the favors that have been shown her in this her birthday week. Especially for the article in your paper. She would like to have you have your editor arrange a card of thanks as coming from her also mentioning the beautiful flowers sent by her Sedan friends living Auburn and congratulations sent by the Ladies' Literary club and the numerous letters and postal cards sent by friends. Nellie Benson.

Source: *Auburn Courier*, 11 Apr 1912, Mircofilm Roll 21A, p. 7

Mrs. H.S. Hine returned yesterday from Indianapolis, where she has been attending the 39<sup>th</sup> anniversary meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Mrs. Hine is not a member of the society, but was kindly invited there by some of the members of the Ornithological department. Mrs. Hine reports that the whole session was very fine affair and that the hospitality of the citizens of Indianapolis was magnificent.

Source: *The Waterloo Press* (Waterloo, Indiana), 28 Aug 1890, p. 4.

The Farmer's Institute for Dekalb County will be held in the Lutheran church at St. Joe next Wednesday and Thursday, Jan 17 and 18. A splendid program has been prepared.....S.H. Hine will speak on the "Cultivation of Small Fruits".....Mrs. Jane L. Hine, of Sedan, will tell of "The Advantages that Farmer's Wives and Daughters have for Culture."

Source: *The Waterloo Press* (Waterloo, Indiana), 11 Jan 1894, p. 5.

## The Men of Science

.....Among others who take interest in the study of birds, their habits and their economic relations, and who are present at these meetings .....Jane L. Hine, of Sedan, Ind.

[editor's note: this is the earliest record I've located connecting Jane Hine, Amos Butler, Charles Stockbridge and W.S. Blatchley]

Source: *The Indianapolis News*, Indianapolis, IN, 21 Aug 1890, p. 1.

Thursday morning, Feb 26, at 9:30 [Farmer's] Institute was called to order by the chairman; music by orchestra. On motion of Frank W. Willis, a committee of five was appointed by the chair to prepare and report resolutions at 4 pm 9:45, Mrs. Jane L. Hine read an address, subject, The King Bird and The Phebe Bird and Some of Their Relatives. Mrs. Hine is well known not only in this state, but throughout the U.S. among ornithologists, as one of the best among them in everything that pertains to the life and habits of the different birds that inhabit the forests and fields on our farms. Her description of the different species of birds that were valuable to farmers as Insect destroyers was listened to with marked attention by the many farmers present. Hon. Aaron Jones, of South Bend, having arrived by the morning train, was called out and introduced to the audience by the chairman. He discussed the importance of protecting our feathered friends by law, and of severely punishing all those who wantonly destroy the useful birds or their eggs. Prof. Latta continued the discussion, by showing that efforts were being made to have the present Legislature pass laws that will be adequate to fully protect all birds known to be valuable, and to also permit of the killing of all that are not. A motion was made and unanimously adopted, asking that the address of Mrs. Hine be published in The Press and Indiana Farmer.....

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 5 Mar 1891, p. 1

*Waterloo Press* has an ornithological contributor, Jane Hine, who has written a charming paper on the Tyrant Flycatchers of this region in this week's issue of the....  
Newspaperarchives.com having problems with print out 8/10/12

Source: *Goshen Times*, Goshen IN, 26 Mar 1891, p. 1



## **Joint Horticultural and Farmers Institute Held in Noble County**

Ligonier January 27 & 28

.....Mrs. Jane Hine of Sedan, read an instructive paper on "Your Birds and What They Do For You." She peladed for the protection of the birds from a financial as well as a humane standpoint.

Source: *Noble County Democrat*, Albion, IN, Thurs, 10 Feb 1898, p. 1

### **Our Native Birds.**

The second annual meeting of the Indiana Audubon Society will convene in the state house, Indianapolis, Mr. 17. Judge R.W. McBride, who is president of the society, has an address, subject, "The birds of the Indiana Lake region." .....

Mrs. Jane L. Hine, of Sedan could awaken an interest in the dear birds by telling of their habits and her own experience in watching them. The subject demands the best thought and devoted action of the best people of the state and nation.

[editor's note: part of the article copied]

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 9 Mar 1899, p. 5

Sedan Bulletined. Special Correspondence

Sedan, May 6. -- Mrs. Jane Hine, who has confined to the house all winter, is able to take her usual walks to the woods.

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 7 May 1903, p. 8

Sedan Bulletined

Sedan, Oct 10. ----Mrs. Jane Hine attended the Ladies' Literary Club at Auburn on Saturday. She was on the program, her subject being "Birds." She stayed over Sunday and Monday visiting friends.

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 13 Oct 1904, p. 8

## Our Indiana Bird Law

Mrs. Jane L. Hine, of Sedan, is the most earnest defender of our native birds and is good authority on their habits and value to the community. She writes us to publish the Indiana bird law, but we have not space. However, nearly every species of the bird family is protected by law so she says: "The people of DeKalb county have reason to be proud of our Indiana Bird Law. Only two counties of the state sent petitions, through their Farmer's Institutes, to the State Legislature for its passage, without which no action could have been taken. Our county, DeKalb, was one of the two counties.

The law provides for the protection of our insectivorous birds. Woodpeckers are among those birds which are most highly insectivorous. Our timber and our orchards have need of them.

"Sometimes, both before and since the passage of this law, there has been much slaughter among our woodpeckers on Thanksgiving day. At one of those Thanksgiving shooting matches sixty woodpeckers, three nuthatches and two bluejays were brought in.

"But that is the past; and now boys let us loyally stand by our Indiana Bird Law."

### My Birds

No bird that the Lord has created  
Shall come to misfortune through me—  
Not one of my jolly old Robins.  
Though they steel the fruit from my trees;

Not one of my silken-clad Blackbirds  
Who nest in the pine by my door;  
Not one of my little brown House Wrens,  
So saucy, so tame and so dear;

Not one of my sweet, gently Bluebirds.  
Who come with the first days of spring;  
Not one of my gay Golden Robins—  
Would I wear my Oriole's wing?

Not one of my quaker-clad Cuckoos.  
Nor pewees who home in my shed;  
Not one of my jewel-crowned Winglets—  
Would I trim my hat with my bird?

Not one of my dear little Downies  
Who work in my old apple tree,  
Nor Hairies, or Red-head, nor Gold shafts—  
Should their wings make trimming for me?

Not one of my great stately Herons.  
Not one of my reed loving Rails.  
Not one of my shy Water Witches  
Not one of my cheerful-voiced Quails?

Not one of my beautiful Waxwings  
Though they take my cherries I know;  
Not one of the birds God has given.  
Not even my jaunty old Crow.

Shall have from me ought but kind treatment  
When He who-created them all  
Would feel both compassion and sorrow  
If even a Sparrow should fall.  
-By Jane L. Hine

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 24 Nov 1904, p. 1

Literary Clubs Hold Interesting Meeting, November 18 in Auburn  
.....Mrs. Jane Hine, an honorary member, who resides in Sedan, gave an original poem  
entitled, "The Little Brown Thrush."

Source: *The Journal-Gazette*, Fort Wayne, IN, 19 Nov 1906

Reception at the Home of Mrs. William McIntyre of Auburn.....75 guests and Mrs. Jane  
Hine of Sedan recited an original poem "*Legend of the Chinese Lilly*."

Source: *The Journal-Gazette*, Fort Wayne, IN, 4 Dec 1907

While at Sedan last Saturday, the writer with Mrs. W. were guests of Mrs. Jane Hine, by  
especial invitation in advance and with the assistance of Rev. T.C. Benson and family  
every comfort and pleasure was anticipated and the day was enjoyed leaving many  
pleasant memories. Mrs. Hine is one of the talented women of this county and is an  
expert in "Bird history, manners and customs." She is engaged in writing several articles  
for publication by the request of Mr. George W. Miles, state game and fish warden and  
these articles will be published by him in the interest of preservation of song birds and  
other species of value to the state.

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 3 Nov 1910, p. 6



Mrs. Jane Hine, of Dekalb county, has been asked by G.W. Miles, game warden, to contribute a 25,000 word article which he may include in his forthcoming annual report. Mrs. Hine is seventy years old and has spent a number of years in the study of our birds.

Source: *The Fort Wayne News*, Fort Wayne, IN, 15 Feb 1911, p. 4

Sedan Budget. Special Correspondence.

Sedan, March 22.—The 2<sup>nd</sup> of April is Mrs. Hine's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday and her friends would like to surprise her with a post card shower.

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 23 Mar 1911, p. 1

#### **Fish Report in Corner Stone**

George W. Miles, state fish and game commissioner, has sent to Auburn, Dekalb county, a copy of the current report of his department to be placed in the corner stone of the courthouse, which will be laid on Thursday. The compliment was extended because Mrs. Jane L. Hines, of Auburn, who is eighty years old, contributed some valuable data on animal and bird life for the book. The volume was rushed through the establishment of the state printer on a special order in an effort to get it to the builders in time. The reports will not be ready for general distribution for several days.

Source: *The Indianapolis News*, Indianapolis, IN, 25 Jul 1911, p. 3.

The Progressive Literary club met.....The club decided to extend an invitation to Mrs. Jane L. Hine of Sedan to give a paper on birds at her earliest convenience for the benefit of the club.

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 25 Jan 1912, p. 5

Bird lovers are looking forward with interest to the meeting of the state Audubon Society, which will be held in Logansport May 1, 2, and 3. Prominent among the members are: Mrs. Jane Hines, of Dekalb county, and Charles A. Steckbridge, who has been the Allen county authority on birds since, as a lad, he began gathering the "Loan Collection" of birds now housed in the Ft. Wayne public library. Attendance at the meeting will not be restricted to members.

Source: *The Indianapolis News*, Indianapolis, IN, 20 Mar 1913, p. 22

## **Mrs. Jane Hine, The Sedan Bird Woman**

### **Gave an Interesting Talk to the Waterloo Progressive Club**

The Progressive Literary club met, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shelly Hine Friday evening. The evening was set apart on the program to "Birds" and Mrs. Jane Hine, the well known "bird woman," was an invited guest. On the roll call each member responded to something about birds. Miss Ora Yagey read an interesting paper on Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter's book "The Cardinal." Mrs. Hine was then called upon and she read two of her poems, one was "The Old Oven and the Oven Bird" and also her poem on "The Brown Thrush." This reading was followed by an informal talk on birds generally. She spoke about bird houses, that they should not be painted; the sparrow and the wrens lived together in the same houses but other birds would not associate with the sparrow. The purple martin has been a stranger in this locality, but they are returning this bird looks around for a home for the next season before they leave for the winter. The Green heron were plenty here at one time. Mrs. Hine recalled that when the Lake Shore railroad was built a gang went out from Sedan to Cedar Lake and brought back with them a wagon load of Herons. This was the "Cedar Lake Massacre." The male crane and prairie cock dance around and show their accomplishments to the female birds. On the western prairies the male prairie hen dances and circle around so that their parade ground is plainly marked in the grass. One of the interesting things said was that birds use highways in their flights. There are air roads above us known to birds only. Mrs. Hine is in the eighties, but is well preserved and takes an interest in everything. She began her study of birds after she was forty years old and is a recognized authority on the subject. Mrs. Benson daughter of Mrs. Hine, and Miss Katherine Benson, a grand daughter, were also guests of the club. Light refreshments were served.

Source: *The Auburn Courier*, Auburn, IN, Microfilm Roll 23, 12 Oct 1914, p. 3.

## **Progressive Literary Club**

At the meeting of the Progressive Literary club of Waterloo interest centered on the talk given by Mrs. Jane Hine of Sedan, known all over the state as an authority on bird lore. Her interpretive theme was given added zest by the personal recollections and intimate relationship with her subject during her entire life of more than eighty years. She gave by way of variations two readings of her own composition on "The Oven Bird" and "The Brown Thrush." This interesting meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Shelly Hine and included responses of short bird talks and a review of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's "The Cardinal." Light refreshments served.

Source: *Journal-Gazette*, Fort Wayne, IN, 15 Oct 1914, p. 8.



Jane Brooks Hine

The End of the Birding Trail



## **Mrs. Hine Is Dead**

**Widely Known Naturalist and Writer Dead After Two Strokes of Paralysis**

**Knew Nature**

**Better Than Many Made Observers of Wild Life and Was Authority on It**

Mrs. Jane Hine, widely known over the county, state, and nation as one of the leading naturalists of the time, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Benson at Sedan, last Friday morning, after an illness of over a week, and confinement of about a year.

She had the misfortune to fall last year, and that hampered her activities, but she continued her life work from her room window, until forced to stop to the two strokes.

The home of Mrs. Hine has been a mecca for students on the bird and insect life of the region, for years of study have put her joys of all the feathered friends.

Her opinion have been sought by scientists, both in person and for publication, and it was through this channel that her able acquaintance was gained.

She was married in 1857, after the death of her sister, to her brother-in-law, and became at once a mother as well as an aunt to his children. No woman ever gave better attention to her own young ones than Mrs. Hine gave to her sister's, and when her own children came into the family, no distinction was made between them. As a consequence, Mrs. Hine has her dearest friends in the person of her step children, scattered far and wide.

In addition to her study as a student of nature, Mrs. Hine was a first class story teller, and many have been the clubs and scientists that journeyed to be somewhat secluded home to back to the warm fire of her kindness and optimism, and to enjoy the stories and fables she could tell so well.

Her own children, Mrs. Benson and Lemon Hine, her step-sons, Sheldon, Frank and Charles Hine, numerous more distant relation, and a host of friends will mourn the loss of Mrs. Hine to science, and to them:

The funeral services were held from the Sedan Lutheran church and burial made in the Waterloo cemetery.

Source: DeKalb County Indiana Obituaries, v. 6, p. 169



## **Notes and News**

Mrs. Jane Louisa Hine, an Associate of the American Ornithologists' Union, died in Sedan, Indiana, February 11, 1916, in her eighty-fifth year. She was the daughter of Lonson Brooks, and was born in Erie County, Ohio, April 2, 1831. After attending public schools in her native county she finished her education at Oberlin College. Early in life she became interested in birds and continued to study them as long as she lived. She wrote much on birds for "The Farmer's Guide," Huntington, Ind., and many of her notes are published in Butler's "The Birds of Indiana." Her "Observations on the Ruby-throated Hummingbird" is printed in "The Auk" (1894), pp. 253-254). – J.H.S.

## **Jane Hine Obituary**

Mrs. Jane L. Hine, widow of the late Horatio N. Hine, and a former resident here died at Sedan, Ind. Last Thurs, aged about eighty years. Mrs. Hine for many years lived with her husband on the farm now owned and occupied by George Hartman and has many relatives and friends here who mourn their loss. The funeral services were held Sunday.

Source: *Sandusky Star Journal*, Sandusky, OH, 19 Feb 1916, p. 8

## **Mrs. Jane L. Hine Died Early Friday Morning**

### **Recognized as Able Authority on Birds**

### **Author of Many Articles**

### **For Publications on Nature Subjects and Prominent in Audubon Society – Funeral held Sunday and Burial at Waterloo**

Mrs. Jane L. Hine died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. T.C. Benson, in Sedan, at one o'clock Friday morning, after a serious illness of one week, having been stricken with paralysis on Friday of the week previous. This followed a fall that she had some weeks ago when she sustained a fractured hip and since that time was bedfast and at times suffered a great deal, but always with a sweet disposition and made the best out of life after all.

She was born April 2, 1831, in Erie County [she was born in Lake County], Ohio, and was the daughter of Lonson Brooks. She came to DeKalb County early in life and spent most of her life at Sedan. Her sister, Cynthia Brooks, was married to Horatio S. Hine on Nov. 15, 1847. Her death occurred Sept. 22, 1855, leaving three sons, Sheldon H., Charles and Frank B. Hine, all of whom still survive. The subject of this sketch was united in marriage to Horatio S. Hine Nov. 10, 1857. To this union were born three children, Nellie, Brooks, and Lemon. Mr. and Mrs. Hine made their home on the old homestead at Sedan, where they were instrumental in developing a number of business enterprises in and about Sedan. In 1873 they went to Williams County, Ohio, where they lived until about 1882, and then returned to the farm at Sedan.

The subject of this sketch received her early education in the public schools of Erie County, Ohio, and later attended high school at Berlin Heights, Ohio, and still later finished her education at Oberlin College. After she finished her school she taught a number of terms of school.

Mrs. Hine reared the children to manhood and womanhood, and then she began to enjoy the beauties of nature and spent much time in the woods watching the birds and studying their habits. She became a lover of birds and their songs seemed to have a sweetening effect upon her life. She learned the birds so well that she could tell almost to a day a year in advance when the birds would return to the north. She watched the insects and the flowers and all that became beautiful in nature was beautiful to her. She saw the beauty in God's handiwork as perhaps no other woman ever realized.

Mrs. Hine was first a mother. No greater tribute could be paid her. She was a student of nature and became note worthy on account of her study of birds. As a student of birds her reputation was nation-wide and for thirty years she has made the required bird reports for state and government records as pertaining to northern Indiana.

She was a teacher. She taught by example as well as precept. Her life was always an inspiration, but when it came to teaching by analogy she was an artist. Long will her life be remembered for those good stories by all who sat at her feet.



She was a writer. Both prose and poem flowed from her pen. Her poems and both long and short articles have been used by innumerable papers and included in text books and state records as authority on natural science.

Frequently Mrs. Hine wrote articles for various publications, as she was considered authority on ornithology. She was a member of the National Audubon Society, and many times received invitations to address meetings of the society and other similar meetings in various parts of the United States, but owing to her advanced age she could not fill the engagements. However, on many occasions she visited different towns in the county and addressed meetings of ladies' clubs and also other gatherings where the subject of birds and their habits were discussed. Mrs. Hine visited Waterloo about a year ago and told bird stories to the children at the public library during children's hour meeting, and many of the boys and girls in Waterloo well remember her happy manner and her interesting stories.

The deceased during her life had written a collection of verses, and the last one that she wrote was about six weeks ago, while she was in her bed and suffering from a broken hip. It was "What the Ducks Found at the Foot of the Rainbow." It is as follows:

    This tale is old, so very old  
    Of the first rainbow it is told.  
The sun-beams kissed the cloud, and lo!  
There hung a radiant, wondrous bow;  
It's arch so high, it's stride so broad,  
That while one foot reached out and trod  
    The open sea, the other glowed  
    Upon the river as it flowed  
    Away, away majestically,  
    To give its waters to the sea.  
    O pots of gold, O pots of gold,  
The sea, the stream your treasures hold.  
But see, Ah see, the ducks from thence  
    Come baptized with magnificence.  
Endowed with powers of doing good,  
Of giving warmth, of giving food,  
And each a badge of promise brings  
A jeweled rainbow on his wings.

The deceased was a member of the Lutheran church at Sedan and in her younger days she was very active in the church work, seldom missing a service or a meeting of the church. Many church gatherings were held at her home and she was widely known about the community in which she lived, and in fact was one of the most widely known women in the northern Indiana.

She was a neighbor. A Christian neighbor, a friend to all others outside the family circle. Especially was this true of the young. She thanked God for a young spirit and her life was in touch with all the young, to whom her life was a benediction.



One of the traits of character of the deceased that made her a woman to be loved, was the fact that she always saw something good in everything and in every person. It was the bright and cheery disposition that made her so pleasant to meet. She was a reader of many books, and always had some beautiful thought gleaned from some poem on her tongue's end to quote on occasions where she might be called upon to say, a few words, no matter what the occasion might have been..

Mrs. Hine, at the time of her death, was eighty-four years, ten months, and nine days old.

Her son, Lemon Hine, was killed at a crossing accident at Sedan about fifteen years ago.

Mrs. Hine died Dec. 15, 1896.

The three steps-sons, one son, and one daughter, survive.

The funeral was held from the Lutheran church at Sedan Sunday afternoon and the remains were brought to the Waterloo Cemetery for interment.

Rev. H.C. Beauchamp, pastor of the Waterloo U.B. church, officiating at the services.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,  
We will not weep for thee;  
One thought will check the starting tear,  
It is—that thou art free.  
And thus shall Faith's consoling power  
The tear of love restrain;  
Oh! Who that saw thy paring hour,  
Could wish thee here again?

Source: *The Waterloo Press*, Waterloo, IN, 17 Feb 1916, p. 1 & 8.



Two hours later when she arose she stepped to the window. The Baltimore oriole flew toward her and alighted on a branch of an ash that protruded out over the porch roof just below the upstairs window. Such a song: So full of melody. It seemed to combine in its deep-throated eloquence a thankful strain for its safety and deliverance of the night before, together with its joy of the glorious morning, for nature, after her freak, was wonderfully calm and contrite, as if wishing to make amends for past ill behavior. Previously the bird had always sung his morning song from the east end of the house, but from the time of the storm he went to the ash at the west near Mother's window. He had found out where she stayed.

But there was a morning along late in August, when he was found on the east porch in the jaws of a cat. I stooped down and took him in my hands, but it was too late.

I wondered what I should tell mother. I fretted over it all day, but by night concluded that she would worry less to know the exact truth than she would if left in doubt as to what had become of it, or perhaps think it had deserted her.

Days went on but she never inquired about the bird. I finally concluded that she knew just what had happened. She had probably seen the cat catch it and decided that it would worry me to know.

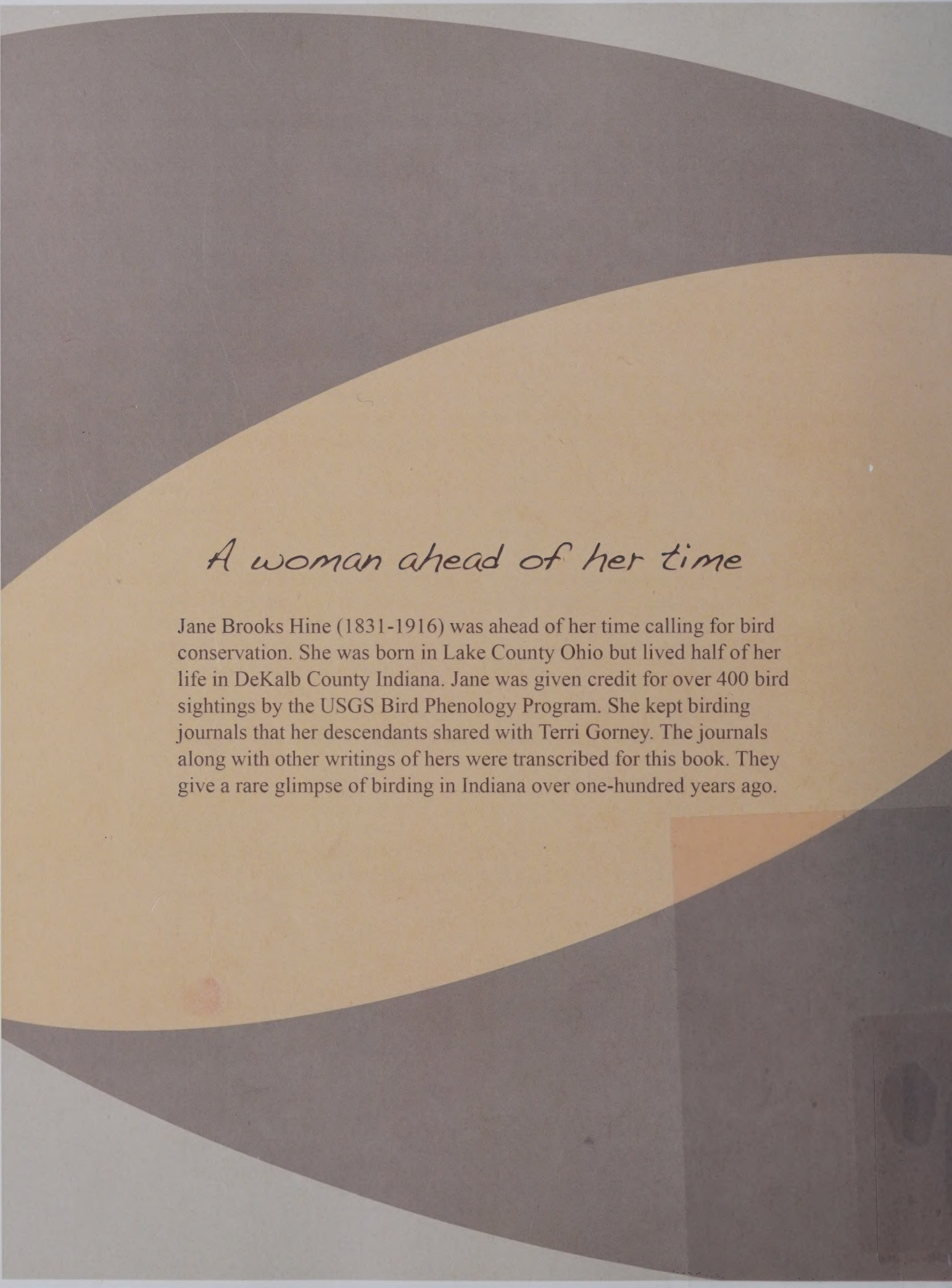
This spring we found his nest in the orchard. It is in one of the nearest trees yet in a retired place. Binder twine is wrapped around a branch then held in place by being wrapped with dry grass and horse hair until a clump of woven grass is formed as large as a man's fist. Two strands of the twine drop down about a foot where they are woven into the top of the nest. It is a hooded nest, that is, the top is brought up over the hole of entrance.

Source: The *Indianapolis News*, Indianapolis, Indiana, 20 May 1916, p. 16

Transcriber's Note: Jane Brooks Hine died 11 February 1916. I don't think anyone could have given her a better tribute than her daughter, Nellie, did by writing this article on her mother and the Baltimore oriole.







## *A woman ahead of her time*

Jane Brooks Hine (1831-1916) was ahead of her time calling for bird conservation. She was born in Lake County Ohio but lived half of her life in DeKalb County Indiana. Jane was given credit for over 400 bird sightings by the USGS Bird Phenology Program. She kept birding journals that her descendants shared with Terri Gorney. The journals along with other writings of hers were transcribed for this book. They give a rare glimpse of birding in Indiana over one-hundred years ago.